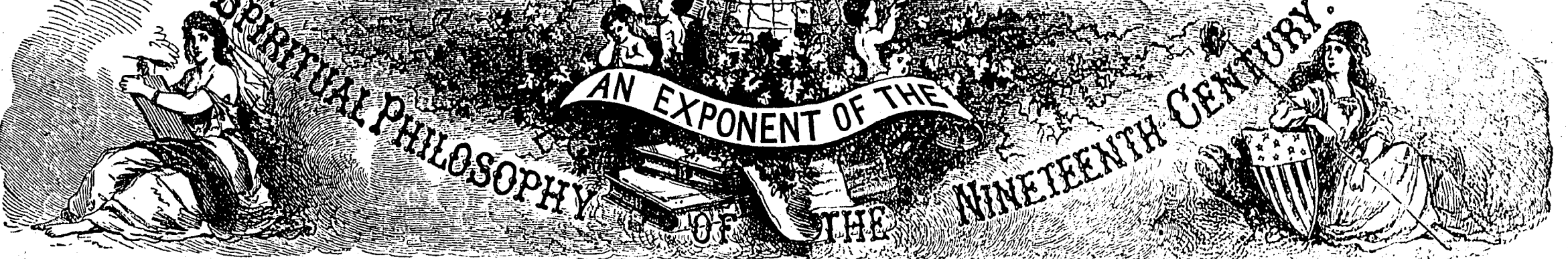


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Free Thought.

CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION IN NEW YORK.

The Government surrenders its Judiciary, Law Officers, Sheriffs and Turnkeys into the hands of the Doctors of Medicine, to compel the People to Submit to their Malpractice and Extortion, under Pain of Fine and Imprisonment.

BY THOMAS R. HAZARD.

PART V.

It is now nearly forty years since that, while sitting in a merchant's office, in Pine street, New York, I accidentally heard it remarked that Dr. Brandreth had just been down town and purchased an invoice of seven thousand dollars' worth of aloe just as it was about to be re-shipped to Europe, because of its being of too excellent and high priced a quality to find purchasers among the druggists of the city. Impressed with the circumstance, I said that if this quack doctor compounded his pills with drugs too good in quality for the regular practitioners of medicine to use, I wanted to know more about them than I did! I accordingly purchased a box to experiment with, and have since bought and given away hundreds, and I may say thousands of the same, and thereby, as I believe, prolonging the lives of hundreds, besides relieving an incalculable amount of human suffering.

Nor do I hesitate to say, as I have often before said, that in case of absence from my family for a prolonged period, I would rather leave with them a few boxes of the world-wide famed, genuine Brandreth pills for their protection from sickness and death than that they should be deprived of these, and have instead unlimited access, gratis, to every regular bred physician and drug shop in the land. And yet this is a quack medicine, that every upstart, conceited tyro of the profession affects to treat with contempt, and is striving by force of legal enactment to prohibit American fathers and mothers from administering to their own children under pain of fine and imprisonment!

Some years ago I heard a physician in very large practice tell a patient that Brandreth's pills were a quack medicine, made mostly (or entirely) of brown bread. This remark was probably forgotten when at a subsequent time I heard the same doctor state that a cousin of his who lived in Philadelphia made thousands of boxes of counterfeit Brandreth's pills for sale of the aforesaid named harmless material. The deaths this lovely cousin of the doctor must have caused through thus feloniously insinuating the use of an innocent little ball of bread upon confiding patients for the life-restoring, genuine article, would probably be paralleled by the number of lives he might have saved had he successfully palmed his bread pills upon the regular faculty, as a substitute for the usual poisonous compounds with which they drug to death countless victims, who but for their malpractice would have been restored to health by the simple restorative healing power inherent in Nature, unassisted by any extraneous aid whatever.

Indeed, so far as my experience and observation enables me to judge, I have become pretty well satisfied that in estimating the value of the services rendered by the three professions, that all other things being equal, where Doctors of Law do least preponderate there is the most harmony, where Doctors of Medicine are fewest there is the most health, and where Doctors of Divinity least prevail there is the most true religion, provided it be estimated by the divine rule of "doing unto others as we would be done by."

"Brandreth pills" are an article that are largely used, not only in the United States, but I believe on every continent in the world, and no one can estimate the protracted cases of sickness and deaths that occur in consequence of the vast amount of counterfeit, as well as old, stale and worn-out pills of the genuine stamp, that are palmed on the public annually. The stale pills may be readily detected from the large quantity of dust in the boxes, but the counterfeit are frequently made to resemble the genuine so exactly in appearance, including the printed wrapper and stereotyped box, that none but an expert can detect the difference unless it be by actual experience of their effects.

Some few years ago I happened to be in an herbalist's shop in Newport, R. I., kept by Ephraim Irish, when a customer called for a box of Brandreth pills. After he had been served and had retired, I remarked that Brandreth's pills were worth more as a curative than all the medicines in the world beside! Said Ephraim, "They are a good pill." I immediately rejoined that I knew by his remark that he did not set the genuine Brandreth pill, for no one acquainted with them could use so tame an expression in speaking of their virtues. On his producing a box, I could detect no difference, either in its external or internal appearance, from the genuine; but on learning that he bought the pills from second hands, and that a sample was sent to Brandreth & Co., corner of Broadway and Canal Street, New York, for inspection. By due course of post, word was received that the pills were counterfeit. On my recommendation, Ephraim now enclosed three dollars to Brandreth & Co. and received in return the usual amount of pills

by express. Up to this time he had sold but very few indeed of the article, but the demand for them soon increased five, ten, twenty, fifty and more than one hundred-fold, so that Ephraim's sales now probably averaged more per day than they did per year when he vended the spurious article. Instead of dismissing the subject with the remark that "Brandreth's pills are a good pill," Ephraim now never tires of expatiating on their merits, and says that throughout the whole country where his pills are used the doctor's buggy is seldom seen, they having seemingly put an end to the fall fevers and other kindred maladies that used, under their medical practice, to prove so disastrous to health and life.

Some few years ago I chanced to fall into conversation with a M. G., of Newport, whom I had before passed on several occasions in the street, and noticed that he was much emaciated, and walked with a feeble, unsteady gait. In answer to my inquiries, he told me that he had long been unable to attend to any business, and could get no relief through medical treatment. I asked him if he had ever tried Brandreth's pills? He answered that he had not, and that he did not like them, he having at one time kept them for sale himself. I told him that I did not believe he had ever sold Brandreth's pills at all, for it was impossible that he should not have liked them if he had done so. As I expected, he told me in reply to my inquiries that he had his pills from a wholesale dealer in Providence. I have observed that such is the illogical character of most men's reasoning faculties, that when once they have been deceived with a counterfeit article, the genuine is made to share in the discredit created in their minds toward everything bearing the same name. For this reason I did not waste many words on Mr. G., further than to recommend to him a trial of the "genuine pills."

Some weeks after, whilst driving into town, I passed Mr. G., walking erect, and with a firm, elastic step. On my asking him for an explanation of the remarkable change in his appearance, he told me with great gentleness and enthusiasm of manner and speech, that the words I had spoken to him on a former occasion had so impressed him that he immediately went to "Ephraim's" and got a box of his Brandreth's pills, the whole of which he took in doses, without their producing much, if any, apparent good effect. "My wife (said he) then advised me to try them no further; but I said that Mr. Hazard told me that they would help me if anything could, and I meant to give them a fair trial." He then went on to say that by the time he had taken the half of the second box the seat and cause of his prolonged chronic malady was reached and removed in one copious discharge through the bowels of the most feculent matter conceivable. "And," continued he, "I am now as straight as a mackerel."

Again, to guard unwary persons from being deceived by unprincipled and fraudulent dealers, I will say further, that I not long since happened into Irish's shop when a man was present who complained that Brandreth's pills were not uniform in their effect, the last box he had purchased having proved of little worth. I told him that I was not aware of any difference in the genuine pill, unless its virtues had been impaired by age, or that the reputed article was counterfeit. The man assured me that he knew his defective article must be fresh and genuine, for he had bought it in the shop where we then were. I noticed that Ephraim, who is generally genial and loquacious, was very taciturn on this occasion, and answered my queries mostly in monosyllables. On the other's leaving the shop I asked for an explanation. "I'll tell you, Mr. Hazard," replied the culprit, "that box of bad pills was one of a dozen that was returned to me for some I lent to Mr. — down street." Upon Mr. Irish's promising never to sell a single box of Brandreth's pills again that he did not receive straight from headquarters, I promised not to expose him near home for the crime against human health and life he had been accessory to on that occasion.

As in the case of G—, I could narrate scores of chronic cases of disease which it has taken repeated doses of the pills to cure, besides numerous instances of aged and debilitated persons, wherein an occasional dose of one or two boxes of Brandreth's pills, accompanied by the use of a most highly respected medical practitioner, who did not long since in Newport at a great age, and who assured me more than once that he attributed his unusual health at his advanced age to the occasional use, in small doses, of Brandreth's pills, a medicine that he assured me he recommended in the highest terms on every suitable occasion that presented itself. And yet this same man in earlier life was so steeped in the perverse prejudices incident to a medical education that he once told me, in the heat of controversy, that he would not give a patient of his a dose of Brandreth's pills, even though he was sure they would effect a cure whilst nothing else would!

As regards acute diseases, such as bilious and congestive fevers generally, bilious colic, dysentery, pleurisy, &c., I could narrate scores of instances wherein cures have been effected by the use of Brandreth's pills, accompanied by a sweat, in so marvelously short time that with ignorant people they might be deemed miraculous. Let one or two instances of these suffice:

Some years ago I was called upon by a friend to go and see a neighbor of his who was then prostrated with an attack of fever on the brain. It was dark and rainy at the time, and the way was devious, muddy and intricate, through a thick wood and swamp. I nevertheless went, equipped as usual with Dr. Brandreth in a side pocket. I found the man in bed, his face inflamed, and as red as mahogany, whilst like the wandering Falstaff in his last moments, he "babbled about green fields," &c. The sufferer was in the prime of life, possessing the constitution of two or three ordinary men, and as I looked upon him I absolutely laughed in his face, for I saw at a glance that he was the subject of a Dr. Sanguedo would have dispatched by a thrust of his lancet, or a Dr. Morphina with a dose of opium, just as certainly as if the one had drawn a butcher's knife across his throat, or the other dealt him an ox-telling blow with the head of an axe, all which went to prove to my mind that there was sufficient vitality and power in the man's constitution, with a little stimulus applied in the same direction nature was striving, to expel the morbid humors that had congested in the overcharged blood vessels of the brain, at one operation. The result proved that my meriment was not so absurd as some might think, for by the mere application of a powerful sweat, given after a fashion that appears elsewhere in these pages, and five or six of Brandreth's pills, the patient was so restored to his accustomed robust health that he was out on the afternoon of the following day attending to his farming pursuits as usual.

My attention was once called to the case of a

man verging on the chronic, wherein the foul humors in his blood had, for lack of other means of escape, concentrated, as is usual with fevers, (which are nearly always caused by malpractice,) on his foot, from which there was a constant discharge of foul matter. He had, as I was told, been under medical treatment for some three weeks, and lay groaning with constantly increasing pain in his foot for a large portion of the time. His doctor seemed to rely mostly or exclusively on applications applied to the sore, which, though they might mollify and relieve the effects or symptoms of the complaint, could really no more reach its cause than the casting of the contents of an apothecary's shop into the mouth of the Nile could effect its waters for evil or good at their unknown source in the interior of Africa. It not being convenient to attend myself, I sent my usual prescription of Brandreth and the sweat by a trusty hand, who saw it faithfully administered, and as incredible as it may seem, I heard of the patient being a mile away from home on the next afternoon, chopping in the woods. The cause of his malady being removed, the effects were also simultaneously relieved, and the foot, though badly scarified, was no longer painful, and soon entirely healed.

For many years a priest and doctor-ridden family connection of mine (though, as it may be guessed, not bearing my surname) was prostrated periodically, every recurring fever, for several weeks, with the stereotyped fever that used, more than now, to be at that particular season so prevalent and profitable to the faculty. Although seemingly as fast anchored as Gibraltar in his faith in the doctors of every landed degree, his faith in the doctors of his will "dared my friend at length to try Brandreth's pills, and his doctor had been wont, after the manner of the faculty, to nurse into a confirmed fever, although unlike many of the more needy or avaricious members of his profession in this respect, he had always considerably abstained from reducing (through drugging and starving) the strength of his patient to the typhoid point of debility, and thereby endangering his life. Hitherto besides his confinement to the bed and house for a month or so, my friend had been annually amerced some fifty dollars damages by his doctor for the trouble and expense for opiates and other medicines he had been subjected to in nursing his symptoms into a real case of sickness, and keeping him in the proper condition for bleeding at the pocket, until his bank account was sufficiently replenished, after which nature was left free to restore the sick man's health without the doctor's further medical prescriptions. But now under the change of treatment from that of the regular to the quack methods of cure, my friend was forced to admit, however unwillingly, that he was annually spared not only the period of his usual confinement, but all his doctor's yearly bill of fifty or more dollars, save about two cents' worth of Brandreth's pills and the half of a lemon, which, with a spoonful of sugar, cost about as much, say four cents in all.

This is not fiction, but sober fact, for uniformly for many years after, and until his death from other cause, the same result followed, and twenty-four hours of quack treatment sufficed to restore the doctor's patient of from twenty to thirty days' confinement to his usual health.

That there are many physicians in the old schools of medicine who greatly assist in alleviating the ills of mankind there can be no doubt, but then they are those whom good common sense, observation and experience, has taught to set aside in a great measure the rules of practice that are laid down in their medical scriptures. But after allowing for all the good done by these, I think the overbalancing suffering and evil that is inflicted on their patients by the thousands of tyros and dotards in practice, will reduce the general average of good done by the profession in the aggregate to less than ought, though it may be not quite so bad as the following anecdote has been used to illustrate:

A gifted clairvoyant, or "seer," was requested by an invalid gentleman to bring before his internal vision the spirit forms of all the physicians of mature age in a foreign city he was about to visit for medical advice, together with the spirits of those who had immuredly died whilst under their individual professional treatment, that he might be able to select advisedly from the number. As a long line of physicians, more or less eminent in their profession, were described by clouds of souls they had respectively dismissed prematurely from their mortal bodies, a venerable looking doctor was presented attended by two little spirits only. Overjoyed at the announcement, the invalid at once proceeded to the city and called on the doctor in question, whom he reverently addressed as the greatest and most renowned physician on earth! The old man stared in amazement at the stranger until his unwonted expressions of admiration of his world-wide fame, most skillful physician were a second time repeated, when he exclaimed: "Why certainly, sir, there must be some mistake, for I never had but two patients in my life!"

(Continued in next issue.)

For the Banner of Light.

TRANSITION.

BY J. O. BARRETT.

Ever our hope is for the morrow,
Out from the present duty,
Up from the roots of earthly sorrow
Into the sweets of beauty.

Ever our love is the work of trial,
Out from the heart that's riven,
Up from the life of self-denial
Into the pure of heaven.

The woman question is no American question, no national question; it is a question for the whole world, and the best men of every country and every age have held one view upon it, while the worst men have naturally held the other view. It is not a question of mere taxation; it is a question of thorough humanity; a question not of mere geographical limitation, not of America, not of England, not of France, not of Italy, not of Spain; but were it a question in any of these countries, in each a woman's record would stand out to show you that woman can do and has done woman's work of making man truer and purer, and there is no age of the world, however confined the pages of its history, that you cannot find some woman who has shone out through the darkness of night to show you that, though such stars were obscured by foolish socialistic regulations, she could still shine; and whenever woman suffrage is debated my voice is at her service, and this in no sense of doing favor, but because the grander woman is made, the purer man will be.—Charles Bradlaugh.

A Splendid New Serial.

DAISY DOANE:

OR,

SUNSHINE AFTER DARKNESS.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light.

BY MRS. A. E. PORTER.

Author of "Dora Moore;" "Country Neighbors;" "The Two Orphans;" "Rocky Noak—A Tale for the Times;" "Bertha Lee;" "My Husband's Secret;" "Jessie Gray;" "Pictures of Real Life in New York;" "The Two Cousins;" "Sunshine and Tempest;" "The Lights and Shadows of One Woman's Life;" etc., etc., etc.

God is the master of the scenes; we must not choose which part we shall act; it concerns us only to be careful that we do it well, always saying, "If this please God, let it be as it is."—JEREMY TAYLOR.

CHAPTER XI.

Daisy's First Trouble—Uncle Joe's Death.

Clive Duncan's mother, Bertha Burleigh, descended from an old English family who traced their ancestral line back to some scion of royal blood. There is, or was, in one of the northern counties, not many years since, an old dilapidated castle that bore their name, but no one of the family had the means to repair it. Bertha's mother inherited all the pride of her race, but none of their wealth. She felt the bitterness of poverty in childhood, which may serve as her excuse for marrying for money. She received the reward which comes from such marriages—a few years of glided misery and a long life of suffering. She was endowed with great beauty and an ungovernable temper; the first faded in a few years, the latter increased under the influence of her husband, and became mania under his neglect. So violent were her paroxysms of rage that it was deemed necessary to confine her. A room in this old castle was her prison, and here her only child, Bertha, was born. The father never cared to see the child. He lived in a foreign country, and while providing ample means for her support, appeared otherwise indifferent about her. Mr. Parsons, the father of Alice, Mr. Doane's wife, who was a relative of the Burleighs, took compassion on the worse than orphaned child, and for awhile kept her in his family. But she soon developed such a violent temper, and was so ungovernable in her frequent fits of anger, that he dared not expose his own daughter to the influence of such passions. He therefore sought out a woman he could trust, and placed the child with her. Her home was in a retired village in the north of England.

Here the little girl grew up into a rarely beautiful woman—so beautiful that travelers passing by her home would stop to admire. She had the same large, dark eyes, which we have described in her son, lips full and red, a smooth, almost olive complexion, a form light and graceful, with a step quick and agile as that of a fawn. Few knew of her inherited mania. The woman was faithful, but the patience of human nature is limited, and there were times when confinement was necessary; when the poor nurse, driven almost to extremity, found it difficult to abstain from severe coercion.

She had teachers who would succeed well with her for a few weeks, but who could not be induced to retain her long under their care. One of her fits of anger was enough to make them say that no money could hire them to teach her. She was a quick, apt scholar, learning music as if by intuition, and singing as naturally as a bird breaks out into song. In her sane moments she was affectionate, expressing great attachment to her nurse, and the few friends who knew her.

At such times so charming was she that the good woman said "it paid for all she endured from her." No one could resist her then. She carried her heart captive with her sweetness and her beauty, threw such a spell over you that you felt that for love of her you could do and dare much. It seemed impossible that this soft, gentle being, all grace and sweetness, might the next day turn and rend you, with flashing eyes, sharp teeth, and swift hands, that would pluck the eyes from your head unless you defended yourself.

When she was about fifteen years of age her mother died. She was taken to the funeral, and as she stood looking on the dead woman, on whose face traces of her great beauty still lingered, tears fell, the first that had been seen to fall from her eyes. For a long time afterward she was gentle and easily controlled. The physician who had attended her from infancy, advised a voyage and a change of life. This advice led to her visit to Oldbury, where Mr. Parsons had removed. Our readers have learned how much her beauty fascinated all who saw her there. She was not contented to remain; the climate did not agree with her, her malady increased, and she was taken back to her old home. Her beauty attracted a young man, a stranger in the place, who had stopped for the Sabbath, and saw her at the village church. He obtained an introduction, learned her history, but so strong was the charm which she threw around him that nothing could induce young Duncan to forego the hope of marriage with her.

When her father was consulted he returned for answer, "If the young man marries her I will give him one-half of my fortune!" Duncan was heir himself to a large estate. Mr. Parsons, who was an upright, thoughtful man, made inquiry into Duncan's antecedents, and learned to his sorrow that madness was hereditary also in that family.

He exerted himself to break the intended marriage by urging young Duncan to give it up, frankly stating his reasons, the wretchedness which it would bring to both parties, and the certain misery which would be entailed upon his offspring. He might as well have reasoned with the flowers in the garden, the wind that swayed them, or the bees that sucked their sweetness. They were married. One year of wedded happiness followed, so great that the husband said, "this will pay for years of suffering." Alas! he knew not what he said. The tendency of his own family was to melancholy. This began to manifest itself after he had witnessed two or three of Bertha's "attacks of temper," as they were called. She had no more control of them than an insane person over his malady. The husband learned now that his happiness only made his sorrow greater. Just before the birth of his son Bertha became so ungovernable that confinement was necessary. The boy was taken and carefully reared by his father, who thought to find much happiness in him, but the taint of blood could not be overcome. Mr. Duncan's health failed him when his son was about fifteen years of age, and though aware of his predisposition, he gave up all business cares, and sought health in ease and travel. It proved in vain. He died by his own hands in a fit of melancholy.

Such is the sad story of Clive Duncan's family. To do Mr. Doane justice, he had been kind to Clive from sincere sorrow for his loneliness and affliction. His mother was living in an asylum, a hopeless maniac. He had stipulated with a faithful old boatman, Perkins, to accompany Clive and Daisy in their excursions on the river, not from any fear of an attachment between the children, as he called them, but because the river was difficult to navigate, having some shoals and deep inlets, and Clive not as familiar with it as Jim Wood had been.

To tell the truth, there lay deep down in Mr. Doane's heart a conviction that Daisy and Jim were born for each other. He had witnessed their childish friendship with much pleasure, and hoped that at a suitable age they would marry, and fulfill the wishes of Jim's father and himself. He thought himself wise, as he no doubt was, never to hint this wish to any one; it lay as a hope in his heart that Jim would prove worthy to take care of Daisy when he should pass away. The failure of this plan was scarcely thought of now, so great was the dread with which he viewed the love between Clive and Daisy. It was no common feeling that swayed him that night when he prayed for help. It was a horror of the future before Daisy, which overshadowed his soul and made a great darkness round him. "I could die to save her," he said.

The next morning her voice did not waken him as usual. No song came from her chamber, no music from the piano below stairs. The stillness of death seemed in the house; not a sound was heard till the breakfast bell rung. He went down, but found no Daisy awaiting him. It was the first time such a thing had happened in that house since she came to him. He was alarmed, and went to her room. She lay on the bed in the same dress which she had worn the evening before. She was asleep, but traces of tears were on her cheeks and dark hollows about her eyes. Clive's letter was in her hand. She had evidently wept till tired nature was exhausted, then thrown herself down and fallen into this deep slumber.

Mr. Doane's heart was deeply touched. He laid a covering gently over her, closed the shutters noiselessly and left her there, longing as he turned away to clasp her in his arms and kiss the tear-wet face, but he feared to disturb her sleep. There was in this man, with all his gentleness and almost feminine delicacy, a reserved strength of which few were aware. Since the hour when his heart had been calmed by prayer, a stern purpose took possession of his mind. Nothing now could divert him from it. He would see Clive and forbid all further intercourse with his family. If calm reasoning did not prevail, he should try his power as Daisy's guardian. There was a last extremity beyond this to which he hoped he might not be driven—a corps de reserve, which he would call out when all else failed. Daisy should not marry Clive Duncan! Many a father has made a similar resolve and failed. Mr. Doane trembled when he recalled the firm, set lips of Daisy. He had always known that if there was a conflict between them, he should meet a will like a rock of adamant to oppose his own. Calm and resolute he ate his breakfast, then, after ordering Betty to get a fresh, warm breakfast for Daisy when she should come down, he left the house, telling Betty he should not return till evening.

In five minutes from that time he was on his

way to Cambridge. The interview with Olive Dunean was long and painful. It was sad to recall to the son the misfortunes of his house, the terrible fate which must hang over his race. Olive heard him with hand tightly clenched and eyes that now and then she lifted. The man entered for his own sake to bewail, and for Daisy's sake. Out of Olive's love for Daisy he was his argument. If this love was pure and strong, it would shrink from allying her to the sorrow that must surely await her in those she loved as husband or child. The passion of youth is strong and love is powerful. The young man thought of Daisy, the sweet, winsome face, and the warm heart which he believed had power to ward off evil from him. Without her, life looked long and desolate; with her, bright and joyous. If Daisy chose to give him up, he must submit to his fate, but never would he renounce her love voluntarily. It was what no man had a right to ask.

Sad, but not despairing, Mr. Doane turned away. His resolution was taken; but he would defer action till he saw Daisy again. While in the city he met a friend, just returned from California, who had news to communicate from his brother. It was unfavorable. Sam was struggling with great difficulties. Trade was prostrate, with little hope at present of its revival. The family were suffering from the effects of the climate, but were unwilling to return to the States, for they had exhausted every means of raising the money.

Wearily and depressed, Mr. Doane returned home. He intended to give Daisy the whole history of Olive's family, to show her the danger in her path, hoping much from her native good sense. She had promised to remain with him till his death; the evil day would then be deferred, and in the meantime God's good help might come. As he was stepping out of the carriage, on his arrival home, Mr. Wood approached him. "Why Joe?" said he, "how much you look like your father! When I saw you a minute ago, with your back to me, I thought it was the Spirit himself, for nothing for the moment, he was not in the body. You have grown very much like him within the last five years."

"Yes, I see it myself," said Mr. Doane. "I weigh now about the same as he did at my age."

"You are becoming pretty, my good fellow," said Mr. Wood. "You were a slim fellow till you turned forty."

"It is not easy and high living, Wood. I never worked harder in my life than I have the past year."

"I believe you. By the way, did you hear anything of the Eagle? We expect her every hour. I shall go to Boston in the morning to meet him."

"I am glad to hear of it," said Mr. Doane. "I shall be glad to see him. His pleasant face round town again."

The two gentlemen parted, and Mr. Doane entered the house. Daisy was sitting, or rather reclining, on the lounge in the dining-room. She did not rise to meet him, nor was there a smile on her face, but neither was there anger. No, poor Daisy! Her father had spoken sternly to her for the first time in her life. "Go, leave me; I would be alone." The tone and words had well-nigh broken her heart. She was afraid of him now, for she was sure she should die if he spoke again to her in that way. Her heart was yearning to run to him, but fear kept her back. The man, too, was hungry for her voice and smile and kiss.

"Are you ill, Daisy?" he said, going toward her, and laying his hand upon her head. His touch thrilled her. She looked up and met his eyes—kind eyes, they were, full of tenderness and love. But oh! how tired and ill he looked! She had seen him look thus but a few times in her life. Sprung up, she threw her arms round his neck and drew him down to the sofa.

"Uncle Joe, you are very tired!"

"Yes, darling," he said, as he held her closely to his heart.

She kissed him again and again, weeping as she did so. "Tea was brought, and she poured it out for him. He took it, and felt stronger. Then they ate supper. Mr. Doane had been so absorbed during the day that he had forgotten to eat. Now nature demanded food, and he ate freely. After supper the two went to the library. By tacit, unspoken consent, every allusion to the contest of the day before was ignored.

They lived over again in two hours the childhood of Daisy. She lay in his arms, her head resting upon his bosom, while he toyed with her curls, and told her how much he loved her, and how mother at that age. Daisy could not talk much. She was happy to rest her aching head and look up into his kind face.

Once he folded her to his heart and said, "Daisy, you have made my life very happy. I thank you, my darling, for your love and care. It was too much for an old man to expect."

The child could not speak for the tears which prevented. In after years she often thought of these words, and thanked God for this evening.

Daisy was so happy in his kindness, that after having kissed him good night once, she turned back and kissed him again, saying, "Oh, Uncle Joe! Uncle Joe! I should die if you stopped loving me."

"I could not do that, darling, if I should try," he replied, and thus they parted for the night.

The next morning Daisy listened for the sound of Mr. Doane's step in his room for an hour after his time for rising. "He was tired last night," she said to herself, "and I will not wake him." She stepped lightly about the house, and begged Betty to be quiet and keep the doors shut, that he might rest. The full clock in the hall struck eight, one hour after breakfast time.

"The clock is not fit to read," said Betty, "and Mr. Doane won't touch the baked potatoes till they're so wrinkled, and as for the coffee, I must make new if he doesn't come to breakfast. He is very particular about his coffee, Miss Daisy. Suppose, darling, you just play the piano a minute. Strike up the watchman's song, 'Nine o'clock, and a cloudy mornin'."

Daisy did so, her voice ringing out full and clear. She had slept well, and now after the estrangement of yesterday her heart rebounded, longing to hear her guardian's voice again and see his face, to make sure that last evening was not a beautiful dream.

No answer was returned. No cheery voice echoed her song. Silence reigned through out the house. Betty seated herself in her arm-chair, with her pen of apples to pare and eat. Daisy went up stairs to listen a moment at Mr. Doane's door. When she came down, Betty asked:

"Well, Honey, is your Uncle Joe stirrin' yet?"

"I don't hear a sound, Betty. He must have been very tired last night. I never knew him to be so late."

"Not a bit like him, Miss Daisy. I might as well be makin' fresh coffee. Maybe you better knock at his door. I am sure he will like to have you."

Daisy ran up to do so, while Betty measured out her fresh coffee, and was pouring the water upon it, when a thought flashed into her mind that caused her to drop the coffee-pot upon the floor and fall back into her chair, as she exclaimed, "You foolish old soul you, Betty Pringle, you! Don't think such a thing!"

She sat a moment, listening for the sound of voices.

Daisy was at Mr. Doane's door. "Uncle Joe! Uncle Joe! Are you sick this morning?"

No answer—only a great silence in the house, unbroken save by the ticking of the clock.

Daisy could endure it no longer. She opened the door. Her guardian lay there asleep, one hand under his head, and his face tranquil as that of a child at rest. Daisy thought to kiss him awake, and bent down to do so, but the instant her lips touched his cheek she started back in terror, for her eyes, dilated with fear, could not withdraw their gaze from the sleeper.

He lay there in a calm stillness, from which her kiss had failed to rouse him. His eyes were closed, the lips moved not, nor, though she held her own breath to listen, could she hear his. She stood as if stricken dumb—a great horror held her there—riveted to the spot, unable to move. It were, even to the eyes, which were fixed upon the face which never before had failed to respond to her smile or kiss. The blood forsook her face, which was white as that on which she looked. Betty had listened for Daisy's step, and now the

great stillness of the house made her heart die within her, and recalled the morning, long years before, when such a silence settled down upon that house one winter's day. She was a girl then, but she never recalled that morning without a shudder. She hesitated no longer, but walked up stairs to Mr. Doane's room. The door was wide open. Daisy did not move; she neither heard, saw, nor knew anything save the pale, cold face before her.

Betty took it all in at a glance. "Just as his father died," she said, laying her hand upon the pulse of the sleeper. "It is cold, Daisy, very cold; he must have died hours ago."

These words roused Daisy from her stupor. "Dead! Betty, dead! No, no! go for a doctor! go quick, Betty!"

The latter hesitated. She could not leave the child alone.

"Go quick, Betty! I am not afraid. How stupid I have been. Give me camphor, Betty, and get something to warm him; he is very cold."

"No use, darling, no use. I know all about it. The old 'Squire' died just so. You have heard your mother tell it. But if you don't mind, leave Betty to run for the doctor. It is best that he should come."

"Go quick, Betty!"

Once roused from the first great horror, Daisy bent again and laid her face to that of the sleeper, and tried to kiss those lips to life, then took the cold hands in hers to warm them with her own.

"Uncle Joe! Uncle Joe! speak once, only once. If I were dead I think I would answer you. It cannot be, must it not? I cannot live without you! Oh, God! if this is death let me die too!"

Again she laid her face to his, and thus the doctor found her.

"My poor child," said the doctor, as he drew her gently away, and laid his hand on the head of the sleeper, "it is death; I can do nothing for him. I have feared this for some time, and I think Mr. Doane himself was forewarned, but we all hoped that he might stay with us for years yet."

At these words Daisy's strength gave way. She tottered, and would have fallen to the floor, had not the doctor caught her in his arms. He bore her to her own room, which adjoined this, and laid her upon the bed.

She was there when Miss Patsy came. Dear, blessed Miss Patsy! I wish there were more like her in this world—quiet, simple, prompt, but gentle way, saying little, but seeing every thing. She neither expressed nor pitied, nor did she preach submission, or try to console. There are moments in our lives when pity is an insult, attempts at consolation torture, words thunder-bolts, the presence of a friend a burden. Miss Patsy came in to Daisy's room, down the blinds, with a few touches made the room orderly, threw a blanket over Daisy's feet, for the child shivered with cold, though it was a mild morning, bent down and kissed her as she said,

"I am here, my darling, and if there is anything which you can do I will call you. Lie still awhile and rest, for you will need all your strength."

Daisy returned the pressure of the hand, and said in words broken by sobs:

"Miss Patsy, may I see him all alone, soon—today, all alone?"

"Yes, my darling. I will find a way for you. Lie still till I come again."

They made him ready for the grave, and laid him on the couch in his own room. The re-bell, dressed as he was the day before, when Daisy kissed him good night. Miss Patsy led her in toward evening and left her alone with her dead.

Until this time she had not shed a tear. Now she knelt down and laid her head beside him. Minded with her sorrow was the deepest, and then tears came. They were good for her, and Miss Patsy guarded the room that the child might stay there and weep freely.

Oh, Daisy! Daisy! you learned now what Aunt Margie had tried in vain to teach you, and what Uncle Joe had prayed that you might learn—but how little he thought it was through sorrow like this you were to learn it—that the soul must have an anchor in God, or it will be shipwrecked in the storms of life. Daisy prayed now for Uncle Joe's faith.

[Continued.]

A NORTHERN MYTH.

BY MARY PRINCE STORY.

The myth our Norse forefathers loved
Each passing year recalls;
How, pressed by hosts from Aetie realms,
Whose grisly front appals;

Blinded by mist, and steel, and snow,
Beguiled by chilling breath,
The countless sun-god fights to win
The land from icy death.

We sadly note his waning strength
In drear November days,
And through December's snow-veil dim,
His fading aspect trace.

At last the tide of battle turns;
Though with reluctant feet,
And parting sallies, proudly felt,
The hosts of cold retreat.

We may outgrow the ancient faith,
Disdain its rites, but yet
We know the joy they felt of old,
When fires of Yule were lit.

Thenceforth the ever-gladdening year
Advances to its prime,
And from its lengthening days we draw
Faint hints of summer time.

Oh yearly waged and yearly won
Battle for warmth and life!
More dear our radiant summer seems,
Gained by such bitter strife.

Than endless years of tropic bloom
Whose gorgeous sameness grows
In lands that know not winter's cold,
Nor cheer of home hearth-fires.

Perchance our rugged clime may teach
Some wholesome lessons too;
Of countless will, that, baffled oft,
Can still its strife renew.

Stern strength to bear, without complaint,
Inevitable ill,
And gentler hope, whose saving warmth
Temper affliction's chill;

And more than these, since these alone
Such conquest may not win—
Victorious love, whose rays shall quell
The blighting frosts of sin.

EMER, MISS.

The London Spectator notes an extraordinary religious decadence in Protestant Germany, and fears that it may be succeeded by Spiritualism, or something else as baneful. "The Spectator," it remarks, "always seems to appeal to materialistic skepticism, who very soon evince an appetite for marvelous physical facts, with very little discretion in drawing correct inferences from such as fascinate them the most. True, the German people are an educated people, but hardly more so than the Americans, over whose mind Spiritualism, with all its strangest diablerie, has run like a prairie-fire." The Spectator seems literally ignorant of the fact that the human intellect must sometime outgrow its swaddling clothes and emerge from its cradle of creeds outworn.—Boston Sunday Herald.

A New York court has refused to punish an imitator of a trade-mark, because the original trade-mark purported to be placed on "pint and quart bottles," when in reality the plaintiff contained less than a pint, and the quart bottle less than a quart. Thus one cheat serves to punish another.

Original Essay.

SPIRITUAL GIFTS.

NUMBER NINE.

Written especially for the Banner of Light,
BY EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN.

Dreams and Visions of the Night; or, The Philosophy of Sleep.

Let not the reader turn aside from this subject as one already too familiar, hackneyed or unpractical to command attention; it has, in truth, been the familiar subject of speculation for over a thousand years, and whole libraries of essays have been written in the vain effort to elucidate a satisfactory philosophy from its weird mysticisms. It is not in the egotistical belief that the writer of these lines can succeed where so many learned and profound metaphysicians have failed, that we are about to swell the immense mass of literature extant on this subject with yet another treatise; but now, as in countless other items of occultism, the great modern spiritual outpouring furnishes us with keys to unlock mysteries which have hitherto baffled the researches of the psychologist; in fact, psychological science assumes a wholly new ground under the brilliant light of the modern spiritual dispensation, and it is in this sense that we deem a paper on the great unsolved problem of all ages, the mystery of dreams, may not prove either unpractical or unacceptable, viewed from the standpoint suggested by the dictation of spirits. From the days of Cicero (that great classical authority on all psychological mysteries,) to our own time, the faith of humanity has been as contradictory as divided on the subject of dreams, and the amount of credit due to their revelations.

There is, perhaps, not one single human being who has not had some experience in these visions of the night, and scarcely one who, however skeptical on their value as authority, cannot remember at least once in a lifetime some dream of peculiar significance which caused him to modify his supercilious contempt of the whole subject by acknowledging that "there were certainly some curious coincidences in reference to dreams," or that "there might be, now and then, individuals who had dreams that meant something." In a word, the subject of dreams never has been, never can be dismissed without some concessions in favor of their authenticity as revelation—some such exceptions are quite sufficient to prove the rule. Besides the difficulty where-with philosophers are beset when they attempt to account for dreams without possessing a clue in psychological science, the writers on this subject have been too fond of repeating illustrative narratives, instead of commencing by classifying the different characteristics which these strange midnight panoramas present, or endeavoring to range them each under their appropriate physiological or psychological heads.

As narratives concerning dreams are, as Falstaff says, "as plentiful as blackberries," and where if the amateur in this line may chance to be at a loss, he has only to turn to the pages of the Bible or the classics, in either of which he will find records of dreams by the score, so we shall not enlarge on this branch of our subject, but proceed at once to classify some at least of these weird images, and present such a system of causation as our status of spiritual enlightenment affords us. Whilst it would be impossible to depict all the various forms in which visions of the night assail our slumbering pillows, we may call attention to five well-marked classes, which will include an immense variety of general experiences.

In the first, or class No. 1, we see a vast array of broken images heaped together without order or rationality, a sort of dismantled bazaar in fact, in which every conceivable object is heterogeneously piled up as if for final removal without one article bearing the slightest relation to the other.

Some years ago the New York public were entertained by the exhibition of a singularly graphic print, entitled "The Bill-Sticker's Dream." The scene represented a slumbering functionary of the bill-sticking fraternity, with pot of paste in one nerveless hand, brush in another, and over his head a visionary wall, on which appeared, half revealed and half effaced, corner-ways, endways, and every way but the right, crowding each other out of view, and all interwoven in indescribable and most ludicrous proximity to each other, fragments of the various announcements which the walls of any great city might be supposed to display. "Funerals neatly done" were hedged in by "Finest Wedding Outfits," and "Infallible liver pills," annual plagues, temperance lectures, Barnum's performing monkeys, and the Rev. Booth and Sharkey's great revival meetings, political canyons, prize fights, and popular hair dyes, Young Men's Christian Association meetings, the newest style in iron bedsteads, finest cognacs, through tickets to the Arctic regions, and preaching by the Right Rev. Tom Bowling, of Dally-go-lightly, &c., &c., &c.—these, and a hundred other items of similarly mixed up "confusion worse confounded," formed the mass of placarding whose shadowy jumble was supposed to be flitting through the brain of the slumbering bill-sticker. If there is one adult now on earth who has not at some period under the age of threescore years and ten, experienced such midnight lucubrations as those of the aforesaid bill-sticker, then is our knowledge of human nature and dream-life more limited than we now deem it.

Setting down our famous bill-sticker's dream as type No. 1, we proceed to notice type No. 2; and in this we find that whereas in No. 1 all the heterogeneous objects beheld were familiar to us—reproductions, in short, of scenes, persons and things which had already photographed their images somewhere on our brains—in No. 2 no such relation to our known experiences is discernible. There is the same variety, the same distortion, jumble, inconsistency, and piling up in lightning succession of "thick coming fancies," but now we dream of persons we have never seen, places we have never visited, scenes and situations wholly impossible, and circumstances too ridiculous and improbable to endure narration.

In the bill-sticker's dream we might perchance be the sport of memory, but in this second act of midnight grammar memory can have no part, we are in a new world, amongst a phantom race of whom we have no knowledge, and are ourselves as unknown as unknown; in short, this class of dream is wholly unrelated to the dreamer, and we awaken wondering as much who we are as where we have been, or how we came to be there.

In class No. 3 we begin to enter upon a new

field. Something like a silver line of intelligence pervades the vision, and we feel as if we were beginning to drift out of the ocean of vague materialistic fantasy toward the shores of intelligent guidance and direction. Class No. 3 represents a speciality which attaches to at least four-fifths of the human family, namely, the recurrence, at different periods, of one certain dream, or, as we may call it, a particular "figure of sleep," which accompanies us more or less throughout our lives, and generally indicates the approach of some event of a particularly good or evil character. For example: The writer of these pages is well acquainted with a lady who, at stated times during a long life, dreams of being in a church, and yet she declares her particular habits of thought never lead her to think of such a place, still less to enter one, unless invited to do so by the presence of a spiritual lecturer.

There are some persons who declare they are constantly dreaming of cattle, ships, some particular kind of animal, a remarkable human figure, a special scene, place or situation—and yet though these images pursue them through life, they seem to bear no relation to their waking moments, and do not in the least symbolize any objects with which they are ordinarily familiar.

The writer (who ventures to regard herself as an amateur in the dreaming line) may illustrate this class of imagery by citing her own experience: From early childhood to the present hour, she has been haunted by the recurrence of a certain style of dream compelling her to ascend or descend the most frightful and inaccessible precipices, make her way through openings too small to admit the body, or clamber over steep and rugged paths where the foothold is uncertain, and the way almost impassable. It is not the least peculiarity of these torturing visions that the harassed sleeper has invariably succeeded in achieving the terrible pilgrimages set before her, still the fact remains that a dream which in its physical actuality cannot possibly be deemed a reflection of any scene of earthly experience; has recurred not once or twice, but on many hundreds of occasions during a brief lifetime.

As the writer has conversed with numbers of persons who have realized certain (so to speak) family dreams, and all treatises on this subject make mention of similar idiosyncrasies, we may safely assume we are now beginning to cross the border-land between fantasy and meaning—retrospect and prophesy—pranks of memory and gleams of intelligence.

Class No. 4 includes all those well-known signs, tokens, warnings and indications, which constitute the staple literature of dream books, and which from time immemorial have been pronounced by the authorities on such subjects as portentous of coming weal or woe.

There is yet a fifth phase of the slumbering condition, to which, however, we can scarcely assign the name of dreaming. It is that which more properly comes under the denomination of midnight visions, and depicts allegorical scenes of an unmistakably representative or prophetic character. These are something higher, more definite and exalted than the mass of visionary signs and tokens which form the sum of popular dreaming—such momentous and significant visions as abound in Bible narratives, and are especially illustrated in the history of Joseph, Daniel, Paul the apostle, and other famous Hebrew dreamers. There is a condition of dreamless sleep, also, to which we must refer, but to afford a satisfactory explanation of even these few classes, selected from a vast variety of midnight images, which our limited space compels us to leave untouched, it is necessary that we lay a foundation of philosophy, drawn from the dual realms of physiological and psychological science.

The human organism—although made-up of material and spiritual forces—or, as we are now in a position to demonstrate, composed of a natural as well as a spiritual body, acts, during our waking activities, so harmoniously together, and forms such a perfect interblending of combined power, that we scarcely recognize there is any variety in the elements at work.

This is widely different in the hours of sleep. Here a dual and almost an independent existence becomes manifest for both body and soul. The body lies calm, quiescent and motionless; but the process of dreaming proves conclusively that the soul has entered upon new and wholly unrelated spheres of activity. It is in the possession of a set of senses which it exercises wholly independently of the body. It may be speeding through space; it traverses thousands of miles; crowds up minutes into ages, and successions of events, scenes and personages which would occupy the body a lifetime to take note of, are forced upon the soul's attention in a few seconds. In a word, the soul in dreaming becomes a new and separate being, preserving its physical identity, it is true, but in all its powers and functions manifesting characteristics which are as foreign to its bodily experiences as they would be impossible in bodily action. Even without the interpretation of Modern Spiritualism to enlighten us upon the mystery of our dual natures, it seems marvelous that reflecting minds could have ever speculated upon the phenomena of dreams, and questioned the fact of a spiritual man associated temporarily with the body, but capable of maintaining a separate, independent and far more extended sphere of existence than that belonging to the physical nature. It belongs to our subject now, however, to inquire what physiological as well as psychological changes occur to account for the temporary separation between body and spirit in sleep.

In the human organism are two sets of nerves—the one the cerebro-spinal, the other the ganglionic or sympathetic. The one supplies the whole body with motion and sensation, the other applies principally to the instinctive processes of life—such as nutrition, secretion, digestion, &c., &c. We do not mean to say that the one can act alone or independently of the other. Both are concerned in the processes of animal life, and too intimately related to conceive of an animated existence sustained by one apparatus alone. Nevertheless it is obvious that the two systems act together and in consociation during the hours of waking activity, whilst the force of the cerebro-spinal system, that which forms the operative instrument of thought, sensation and motion, does in a measure withdraw or cease to operate through the body during sleep. Let us simplify the position by saying there is a set of nerves which supply the involuntary and instinctive functions of life, such as respiration, circulation, digestion and nutrition. There is another set which are under the dominion of the will, hence we may call them the voluntary nerves. The two sets act in combination during our waking activity, but whilst the involuntary or instinctive nerves remain with the body to

maintain the processes of life during sleep, the chief force of the other set inhere to the soul, clothe it with a spiritual envelope, and accompany it as a spiritual body during the hours of physical slumber. It would seem that sleep is produced by the excessive lassitude which falls upon the system from the wear and tear occasioned by the activity of the two sets of nerves before referred to. The ganglionic system, or involuntary nerves, which maintain the animal processes of life, and the cerebro-spinal, or voluntary nerves, which minister to the will, both acting together, during our waking hours produce such an attrition on the bodily system that it cannot continue to endure the pressure beyond a given period of time—hence it succumbs to that sense of fatigue which ultimately finds relief in the condition termed sleep.

Now the next question is, what is the condition of the spirit thus expelled from its slumbering instrument of mortal life, the body?

If that body is in perfect health, if there is no disease, pain, or disturbance violent enough to hold fast to the voluntary nerves, prevent the escape of their force, and drag the soul back to its tenement, then does it immediately gravitate to its natural sphere, the spirit-world, and there, in the experience of spiritual scenes and existences, it gains strength, and on awakening becomes conscious of those deeply significant visions of which biblical and classical history present such abundant records.

It is in this way only that dreams of deep portent, warning, encouragement, or striking intelligence, have ever been received. Visions of an allegorical or symbolical nature just as imperatively demand a wise agent for their production as a fine picture demands an artist as its executant, and it is just as rational to suppose that our eye creates the picture, by the simple act of gazing, as to imagine that the soul creates the visions it perceives in slumber by its own volition.

Whether the Intelligence received in slumber be like the symbolical dreams of Joseph, Nebuchadnezzar, or Peter, or direct pictures of the scene prophesied of, it matters not to inquire: an artistic and creative agent is required to induce the vision and produce its semblance, and if we cannot find that in the action of some intelligent being separate from the mind of the sleeper, we may ransack the universe in vain to obtain a solution of the problem elsewhere.

To account for the four first classes of dreams described, we must now call special attention to certain physiological conditions. The experience of every medical practitioner is too unhappily rife with evidence that there is scarcely any human being in the enjoyment of that perfect physical equilibrium which we call health. Even where the body is vigorous, the wear and tear of life's rough and rugged paths impose burdens almost too heavy to bear upon the weary brain, and thus between the disabilities of disease, and the attrition of over-taxed nerves, few and rare are the exceptions which exhibit a complete state of equilibrium between mind and body. Here and there we see some rugged sons of toil, whose mental processes would not disturb the slumbers of an infant. Others there are who float on the surfaces of life with no more thought than suffices to cater for their own pleasures and physical wants. Such persons, if in the enjoyment of fair health, seldom dream, but sinking at night on their pillows realize satisfaction from sleep, as they do from food, more in the absence of mental activity, than in a keen sense of enjoyment; but the majority of mankind suffer, and in proportion to that suffering so does the over-stimulated mind, or disturbed body, clog the soul at night, and involuntarily drag it back toward the body, instead of permitting it to go free into the realms of spiritual existence to which it belongs.

Whenever the slumber is broken by dreams it is clear that the spirit is not entirely free from the body, and except in the cases cited above—that is to say, when visions are presented by guardian spirits and impressed by will upon the waking memory—the action of dreams proves conclusively that the slumber is broken by some disturbance either of body or spirit, or both, and that the spirit is attracted back to the body, and not permitted to take that flight to its natural home which results from dreamless sleep.

To apprehend this truth the more clearly, it must be borne in mind that spirits teach that the day of mortal life and waking hours are the spirit's night, whilst the night of the physical body, and its period of sleep, is the spirit's day; hence the inevitable tendency of the spirit is to gravitate to its own sphere of existence, and this it can only do when it is measurably released from the body in sound, unbroken sleep. Then does it speed away to its spirit home and live in the experience of spiritual entities, but because it is too far removed from the physical body to make any impression upon the tablets of the brain, so there is no remembrance of these spiritual pilgrimages—nothing beyond the sense of rest and refreshment before alluded to. Two more items of philosophy must be borne in mind before the strange and fantastic characteristics described in the four first classes of dream-life can be fully understood. In the first place, it must be remembered that every scene that has ever passed before our mortal eyes is photographed in indelible imagery on the physical brain; we may not remember all these things in our waking hours, as the last impressions we receive keep us actively employed under their influence. Still they are there, somewhere, stored away in the crypts of memory, and ready to be recalled by a single chord of association, or to reappear when the mind is not under the dominion of reason or judgment.

In those conditions of the physical system where pain, fever, or disease of any kind rack the frame, or where the overtaxed brain cannot subside into perfect quiescence, but continues spasmodically responsive to every breath of air which sweeps across it, the spirit in sleep is perpetually recalled to the disturbed tenement it aims to quit. Ever aspiring to its natural home, but ever recalled to its inharmonious associate, the harassed body, the actual spiritual experiences it is passing through become interblended with the crowd of images impressed on the physical brain, and hence those confused, heterogeneous and impossible commixtures of real experiences and broken memories which we have classified as No. 1, and not unaptly likened to the renowned bill-sticker's dream. Such presentations, we repeat, are comminglings of real spiritual experiences with physical memories, and are produced, as above suggested, by the close proximity of the spirit to the body, drawn thither by mental or physical disturbances, or perhaps the union of both.

The same conditions of the system induce the dream classified as No. 2, but in this instance

our spirits, instead of ascending to spiritual spheres at all, are generally roaming around the world about us. They are half attracted to their disturbed mortal tenements, half floating, diving, lingering around the scenes of earth, hence they unconsciously impress upon the brain memories of the strange persons, places and things through which the wandering spirit has been speeding—speeding with such lightning haste, too, that we seem to pass from point to point with bewildering unreality. We cannot separate these scenes, arrange them in order, or disentangle the confused jumble of which we remember here a part and there a part, whilst nothing seems real, continuous, or possible. To account for those dreams which we have classified as Nos. 3 and 4, we must introduce our second item of spiritual or natural philosophy, and this is it: It must be understood that in the great laboratories of nature all things are hieroglyphics of the same eternal, infinite, and immutable scheme. A piece of metal, a drop of water, a human being, a plant, a puff of vortical gas, all signify the presence of oxygen. A rainbow, a gothic arch, a cliff in the rock, the lid of the simplest case or rudest box, all signify the one idea of entrance to something beyond; in short, did we but understand the arbitrary instead of the fanciful meaning of correspondences, we should be able to read the universe from a single object or letter of the grand alphabet, just as clearly as if we could view the whole scheme. To our mortal senses, confused with the sight of a number of things conveying only one meaning, this universal system of correspondential relations is unknown; but when our souls become even partially liberated from the body, perceptions of these wonderful inner meanings begin to dawn upon us, hence the language of dreams; hence, too, the soul's vague perceptions that familiar objects seen thus in dreams have a deeper significance than we attach to them in our materialistic view of things, and that each one's life is surrounded by the mystic hieroglyphics which belong to his special destiny.

Thus one particular image becomes a life hieroglyphic, which understood, depicts the character of our destiny as correctly as the scale of a fish discloses to the eye of the accomplished naturalist the genus to which the creature belongs. Did we but understand this universal language of nature, did we but comprehend that the starry heavens, the mineral, vegetable, animal kingdoms, and man, are but organs in the universal body of the GRAND MAN, parts "of one stupendous whole," we should at once perceive the deep philosophy of correspondences throughout the realm of nature everywhere. Our spiritual teachers almost invariably insist on the existence of this universal system of correlation, hence the constant use of symbols and allegorical pictures in spiritual teachings.

If our destinies are each special and peculiar to ourselves, then is it not reasonable to suppose there may be in nature some correspondential figures that may represent them? We are too much distracted by material cares, too downright and one-sided in our earthly spheres of waking duties, to perceive these subtle revelations of nature, but when, as in slumber, our harassed souls are enfranchised, if only partly so, from the obscure horizon of material things, then begins to dawn upon us something of this deep sympathy of nature with human destiny. Then do we commence to realize that our destiny may be read in a certain figure of sleep, and that when the specialities of this destiny are pressing hard upon us, that figure recurs and still recurs, and, properly interpreted, really explains the specialities of the life we are called upon to live.

Thus it is that the writer of these papers has ever seen her destiny in dream-life mapped out in the frightful precipices she has had to scale, the uncertain pathways she has been compelled to explore, the narrow loopholes of fortune to creep through, and the hair-breadth escapes of a perilous pilgrimage allotted to her. Thus many thousands discern the characteristics of their special destinies in a certain ever-recurring life-dream. We see this when we are "in the spirit," for our spirits are wiser than we know, and we perceive in dream-land natural correspondences in the realms of being of which our material senses can take no cognizance.

Besides the special figure of sleep classified as a life dream in No. 3, this philosophy covers the ground of all those omens, warnings, signs and tokens which petty material objects imply to us when seen by our spirits in the shape of dreams, Schubert, and many of the best metaphysical writers of Germany, all insist that there is a symbolic language of nature which the soul perceives and interprets in dreams, and that the progress of our destiny takes on, or rather evolves, just such images as symbolically represent the specialities of our lives. Many of these metaphysical writers lay down arbitrary laws for the interpretation of this dream language.

Our space forbids our attempting to quote from these curiosities of literature, but the reader who desires to read the opinion of eminent writers, ancient and modern, on the symbolism of dreams, is referred to Cicero's elaborate work on sooth-saying, or Schubert's fine treatise on the "Symbolism of Dreams." A still better source of information is open to the Spiritualist in the "Science of Soul, Here and Hereafter," pages nevertheless which cannot be understood without study, research, patient investigation and thorough experiment. There is no royal road to learning where one may gather all the fruitage which many toilers have sown.

In closing our brief and imperfect suggestions on this weird subject, let us review our ground. Dream No. 1 is a collection of broken images made up of half remembered spiritual experiences, mixed, refracted, perverted and obscured by the thousand and one images impressed on the physical brain, and jumbled up in mortal memory by the fact that the spirit is perpetually recalled to and held near the body, by mental or physical disturbances. No. 2 is a vague representation of the spirit's wanderings through earth and earthly scenes, being fettered thereto by the same conditions of body and mind noted in No. 1. No. 3 is the spirit's perception into the stern realms of destiny, where it beholds the speciality of its life mapped out in an allegorical figure, shown by some guardian spirit whose apparition is too much elevated above earthly surroundings to be remembered on awakening, except, perchance, as the mortal it once was on earth. No. 4 is a more general perception of destiny, represented by guardian spirits in correspondential pictures, but yet in such an universal language of symbolism as all ages have agreed in considering prophetic. No. 5 is a concrete, well-defined vision, procured by the interposition of a guardian spirit, and designed to symbolize some approaching event. The dream-

less sleep of health, rest or stupor, produced by excess of labor, unendurable mental excitement, or the reaction from excessive pain, may be termed the sixth state, and signifies that blissful condition wherein the soul goes free and gravitates to its natural home in spirit spheres, whilst there is yet a seventh and closing state, in which the entire nervous system acts in unison; in which voluntary and involuntary nerves, the cerebro-spinal and ganglionic systems, both suspend their action in the worn-out, broken or shattered instrument; in which the material fibres yet remain, but the life lightnings that played over them are extinguished. Decay, disease, injury to some of the vital centres that give entrance to the citadel of life—heart-break, slow or sudden—these or a thousand kindred causes may suffice to quench the light and expel the soul from its useless tenement of clay. Whatever be the cause, the effect is felt in the mustering of all the nerve forces into one concrete mass of magnetic life, which, clothing the precious innermost with an ever-living spiritual body, wings its last flight to the unknown realms beyond; losing "the golden cord" forever—breaking "the golden bowl" beyond redemption, and leaving the silent form to that last long sleep that never more knows waking.

Banner Correspondence.

Nebraska—How—The Plains—Where Is the West?

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
Years ago I went to Bangor, Me., thinking I should find "down East," but found instead a tide of travel eastward to Nova Scotia—the east fitted off in the distance.

I have just been to Nebraska, a good six hundred miles beyond Chicago, in the West one might think, but such thought would be a mistake. In the great depot of the Union Pacific Railroad at Omaha stood the cars headed westward, all ready for their long passage of two thousand miles to San Francisco, and even then passengers would take steamships through the Golden Gate of the beautiful bay, and enter the wide Pacific for a voyage to far Japan and China. The West ever flits off in dim distance like an *ignis fatuus*.

Leaving Chicago a month ago at 10 o'clock in the morning, I crossed the Mississippi at Burlington just at dusk, swept across the Iowa prairies in the darkness, took breakfast on the cars, and soon crossed the Missouri at Plattsmouth—crossing going over in a steamer, the whirling rapid stream cutting its shifting path through a waste of sand—landed under a bluff, ran up below it a mile or two, shot out westward on to the plains, and was soon moving up the valley of the Platte—a waste of sand through which wound the narrow stream, a stretch of flat meadow brown and sere in winter, a swelling stretch of upland, "the divide," from which plains sloped away far north and south. After an hour or more we left the Platte and swept across the plains westward, few houses in sight, scarce a tree to be seen, the long slopes or vast levels reaching to the far horizon, the wintry wind sighing through the coarse dead grass—the wild desolation of Nature in the season of frost and death, and solitude! In summer, with green grass, wild flowers, the song of birds, and the soft sky and balmy air, all would be transfigured, but in winter the plains are waste places indeed.

At noon I stopped at Lincoln, the capital of Nebraska, was greeted by a friend of former years, seated in his carriage and on the way to a house. Passing along the broad streets one looked beyond the town, far across the plains, with a strange sense of freedom and breadth of view and thought. Think of cramping men's souls into narrow creeds and dwarfing dreams while they dwell in and become a part of such inspiring breadth!

I found a thriving city of some six thousand people, great stores, halls, churches, a fine high school for women, a State University with two hundred students, (forty in a collegiate course.) Its three-story building looking down one of the main avenues toward the town, a State House, and all the means and appliances of civilization, "sanitary rooms" and "sanitary food."

Society seems much as in our Michigan towns, and the people one meets would be at home in Western New York or in New England.

I went to Crete—a three-year-old village of a thousand people across the plains, an hour's ride by rail west of Lincoln, and found a house full of intelligent hearers for a lecture, a home for the night amidst books, pictures, lovely children and cultivated people.

Visiting Nebraska City, sixty miles south-east on the Missouri, I found a town of southern aspect, amidst hills and trees, met again a good audience, and was at home with a most earnest and persistent Spiritualist. Going to spend a night at the home of a merchant in Lincoln I saw the Banner on his table, and found them at home in its realm of thought and spiritual experience.

A lesson on organization may well be learned from my Nebraska tour.

At Lincoln Rev. W. E. Copeland is minister of the Independent Society. He is of Unitarian education, broad in views, active, earnest, and alive to the importance of shaping the thought of a new community while all is plastic. He plans a course of Sunday lectures in the Music Hall, where the society meets, taking up as speakers persons of various views; this month, for instance, Peabody, Underwood and C. D. B. Mills speak there, representing Spiritualism, Materialism and Free Religion. When these come Copeland goes to other towns, organizes committees or societies, opens the way for liberal thought, and lays a foundation for future and larger work, by enlisting and awakening the best people. To his valuable organizing efforts I owe much of the success of my brief stay at the places named, and in Omaha.

There is no slavery of mind or narrowness in such organizing, but it greatly helps growth and spiritual culture. Look at a contrast. I am now speaking three nights in a fine town of two thousand people in Illinois. Twenty miles away is a place of like size where are liberal people, but no one here knows who or what they are, all is fragmentary and disjointed. Is "a word to the wise sufficient?" I hesitate to say; as yet it is not. At Omaha I had two good audiences and a delightful two days' stay in a family of New Hampshire people, pioneers in the "moral warfare" of old anti-slavery and pioneers in railroad building westward to-day. Around their house on the side of the bluff grew native oaks. They had planted pine trees, such as grow in New England, and their yard was a bit of New Hampshire, while within their doors were music, painting, needle and womanly culture, the grace of fine manners, the charm of generous feeling, free thought, and the busy industry of common life made pleasant by tender affection.

but that the truth at the foundation of them all, and now becoming more apparent and clear, was the influence and presence of the spirits of men and women once on this earth in human forms, now in the Summer Land in heavenly forms, and with larger spiritual faculties and greater control over Nature's elements. "To this complexion it must come at last."

I like the Iowa people, in the few places visited. In that State and Nebraska, I found our Eastern farmers at home, dairymen and raising grain, carrying westward the old family land, and with ripe and larger thought from their new experience. There is a good deal of stout struggle with the wilderness of Nature. Pioneers do not rest "on beds of downy ease," but out of trial comes strength, and the marvel is how soon schools, books, lectures and all the best fruits of modern life reach out to the newest regions. The fever to go West prevails quite as much in Iowa as in New England, and begets a restless love of change which is often positive injury to purse and soul. Truly yours, G. B. STEINMANN.

Spiritualism in New Orleans, La.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
Seeing that you have no regular correspondence from this corner of the universe, I write to let you know that Spiritualism still exists amongst us.

J. M. Peabody and Mrs. Hollis have been with us since New Year's day—the speaking words of wisdom in his powerful, persuasive way, each Sunday to large audiences, and she giving séances through the week, enabling those who wished to meet and speak with their friends who have passed to spirit-life.

On the evening of Feb. 9th, twenty-two persons were present at her evening circle. The hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," seems to be a favorite one with her spirit-control, for spirit voices, three or four in number, will join in singing this hymn. I have heard them loud and clear above other voices. On one occasion my wife and myself sang a piece which had been written through my hand, a spirit voice joining us and singing through each verse. Asking the name of the spirit, she replied, "Your wife, Elizabeth. James, I helped you to compose that song." On the evening in question they sang several pieces, and a spirit-child requested a lady to sing, "I want to be an angel," and distinctly sang the piece through with her.

James Nolan, a spirit who seems to possess greater power than any other, (excepting only our Indian friend Skie,) addressed each individual present, giving the names of spirit friends with each visitor, making no mistakes in this calling over one hundred names. What an extraordinary woman Mrs. Hollis must be to gather such information as to the numerous characters she meets without hesitation or mistake. How few of those who raise such murmur objections think that the probability and possibility both favor the spiritual view of the manifestations. Nolan said that it was not his mission or his desire to give tests, but he would depart from his usual custom in order to remove doubt from the minds of some, and give a number of tests during the evening. This he did to the perfect satisfaction of the parties interested. He then said that he would not have his medium tied or gagged, but he would choose Mr. R. G. W. Jewell, Mr. N. C. Folger and Col. J. W. Patton, who should each in turn sit by his medium, hold her hands in one hand, placing the other hand over her mouth, another gentleman should hold possession of the horn, and under these conditions spirits would speak, showing that his medium did none of these things. Mr. Jewell (late U. S. Consul to Canton, China,) took his seat by Mrs. Hollis's side, complying with Nolan's conditions, when a spirit, calling himself Dr. Morrill spoke distinctly to Bro. J. M. Peabody. The warm room and inharmonious condition of the circle prevented a continuance of these tests, but Col. Patton thought the silence, when he sat by the medium, as great a test, for if she had arranged these occurrences she would have arranged for speaking also.

JAS. H. YOUNG.

Note from Trenton, N. J.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
Spiritualism, which has been slumbering in this city for some time, seems to be awakening into new life. A Spiritual Association, with Wm. Derbyshire, President, Harriet Pennell, Vice President, E. Thomas, Treasurer, and Wm. Hilbert, Secretary, is in good working order. At their last monthly meeting it was resolved that we hold a series of public meetings. By invitation, Mrs. M. A. Mixell, of Philadelphia, a trance-speaking medium, spent a week with us, lecturing to crowded houses for five successive evenings, besides two Sundays, forenoon and evening. Subjects were given, and questions asked by persons in the audience, and were very well discussed and answered by the control, giving satisfaction and causing wandering minds to stop and think. Back numbers of the Banner were gratuitously distributed among the audience, which were eagerly sought after by the spiritually hungry.

The Association is not yet strong enough to sustain a resident professional medium, but if reliable traveling mediums would stop here occasionally when on their way between New York and Philadelphia, they might do much good. It has been predicted that Spiritualism will become the predominant religion in Trenton, and that this will be a national spiritualistic centre. Less unlikely things have happened in this wicked world, though skeptics will be likely to ask, "What good thing can come out of New Jersey?"

Respectfully, Wm. Hilbert.

Trenton, N. J., Feb. 28th, 1876.

California.

OAKLAND.—T. B. Clark says in a private note that Spiritualism is not dead in Oakland. Ever since the bells commenced ringing, by invisible agency, at the front door of his house, April 21st, 1874, and the chairs, trunks, books, etc., in the house were tumbled about by the same power in the most astonishing manner, interest has never ceased in regard to the spiritual phenomena. As Mr. Clark continues to investigate, he finds that tables still move without manual aid, and slate-penils write without the use of hands, and various other phenomena are witnessed. There is no "hold up" or end to the developments being made. The spiritual religion is not very encouraging for a lazy man, for by earnest investigation new facts and truths are sure to be obtained.

Georgia.

SMITH.—G. W. Kates writes as follows: Expecting to have occasional leisure, especially on Sundays, for a few months, I would like to devote such time to lecturing through the South. I do not desire to make a business of it, but wish same to aid me in paying traveling expenses, therefore my labor is offered at cheap rates, the same being whatever can be or shall be given me. I will be pleased to receive correspondence in reference to making such engagements. I prefer to labor where missionary work or society organization is needed. I would like to organize Lectures; also would take great delight in getting up and taking part in dramatic entertainments. Would give a literary and dramatic entertainment, personally, for the benefit of any society.

Thi great South is a glorious country, and I think its future, in products, trade, manufacture and development of liberal and spiritual societies, makes rich promises. One thing I already notice, that Northern emigration of sensible, steady, energetic people, who shall come with the intention of making homes here, is always welcomed. Land is secured and productive, markets easy, few hundred dollars will make any price, and a few hundred dollars will make any price. There is no "hold up" or end to the developments being made. The spiritual religion is not very encouraging for a lazy man, for by earnest investigation new facts and truths are sure to be obtained.

from land that costs but one dollar per acre, and from the soil and splendid feed grazing all the year round can raise produce and live-stock sufficient to yearly "put in bank" handsome sums. A few years' labor will do all this. Health can be had here, if anywhere.

I now write from the table-land of Lookout Mountain range. This land is all wooded, and is irrigated with splendid little streams of clear, sparkling water. A railroad traverses the valley immediately at the base of the mountain.

The late Horace Greeley advised young men to "go west." Young men and old men will find better inducements for awhile should they "go south." Farmers, not politicians, are wanted. My home and address for the future, I expect, will be as below, where I shall be pleased to hear from societies or inquiring persons—Smith P. O., Dade Co., Fla.

Ohio.

KINGSVILLE.—Stuart L. Rogers writes: We Spiritualists are all alive in this locality, with few there are of us. We are holding circles twice a week, with good success, having three mediums, and your humble servant is fast developing for materialization. The controls promise good results in a very short time. I wish some good test medium would come this way. To such I would say that our "latch-string hangs out."

Alleged Spiritualistic Miracle in Bolton, Eng.

A correspondent writes: Before proceeding to relate the following fact—which is stranger than fiction—I beg to say that the particulars here recorded I myself witnessed yesterday from the father of the young man. I enclose his name and address along with my own, with full permission to give them to any gentleman—doctor or scientist—who may be anxious to inquire further into the matter. I may say further, that if any gentleman, after making proper inquiries, proves that these statements are false, I will pay a donation of five pounds to the Bolton Infirmary. I have no purpose to serve in making the following facts known; but the truth, I think, should be known, even when it is clothed with an unpopular and unfashionable garment. Because Spiritualists and Spiritualism are involved in this matter some persons will naturally view it with great suspicion. To such I would say the following fact is greater than their suspicion, and before they give utterance to skepticism, they can, by taking advantage of the facts given, either prove it for themselves or show me to be a deceiver, and set me before my fellow-townsmen (amongst whom I have lived for more than half a century) as such and nothing less.

On Sunday, Nov. 7th, a lecture was advertised to be delivered in the Co-operative Hall, Bridge street, by Mr. James Burns, of London, editor of a Spiritualist publication named the Medium. At the close of the lecture, which I may say had been listened to by about four hundred people, a man stood up and requested to make a statement. He proceeded to say that a gentleman who had accompanied Mr. Burns from London, and whose name was Dr. Mack, had that afternoon cured his son, a young man seventeen years of age, who had been laid out for four days, and who had undergone various operations in Macleod's and elsewhere, and been given up as incurable, but could now see for the first time in fourteen years, and this without medicine or surgical operation of any kind. The audience demanded the young man to go on the platform. He complied, and corroborated his father's statement, and both of them gave most feeling expression to their thankfulness and amazement. I obtained the father's address, with the intention of inquiring further into it, and I now lay the results of my inquiries before your readers. I withhold the name simply from motives of delicacy, but he will be glad to give the same particulars to any respectable party.

I found Mr. M., a highly intelligent and respectable man, living at No. 18, B. P. in Bolton. He said his son, the measles when he was three years old, and they left him blind in one eye. Medical advice was sought, and he was placed under Dr. Samuelson, of Manchester, who used his utmost skill, and pronounced his patient incurable. I think his father said to me that it was a kipper or black cat, which are seldom cured. Other doctors tried and failed, and the young man was becoming reconciled to his partial blindness, when he became acquainted (I know not how) with Spiritualists and Spiritualism. He said to me he thought if there was any good in it, it would come to him at home as well or better than anywhere else. He formed a circle at home with his own family, and said he received in his own house a communication from the spirit world, and he had received nothing from the spirit world, but his son must consult Dr. Mack, of London, a Spiritualist and healing medium. The young man and his father had agreed to go to London next spring for that purpose. It happened, however, that Mr. Burns came to Bolton to lecture on Spiritualism, and the doctor, who had received, as I understand, an invitation to Ulverston, accompanied him to Bolton.

The young man and his father waited upon Dr. Mack on Sunday afternoon last. His father gave me a graphic and intelligent description of what took place. The time occupied was about three-quarters of an hour; no instruments were used, no material substance of any kind with the exception of pure water. A most extraordinary magnetic power, invisible but most potent in its effects, seemed to be the means employed. The doctor, however, to use a direct and plain agency were given by an unseen but unmistakable intelligence that controlled both doctor and patient, and effected a perfect cure without pain. The only consciousness the young man had of the operation was a burning sensation about the eye, and of a sensation as of a number of strings or tubes being burnt or torn asunder, and then he could see at once. I thought it my duty to make these facts known.—Bolton (England) Evening News, Nov. 12.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

CHELSEA, MASS.—The Little Christian Spiritualist holds meetings every Sunday in Hawthorn street chapel, near the depot, at 3 o'clock. Mrs. A. A. Bicker, regular speaker. Seats free. Dr. J. B. Bicker, Sup't.

HAWTHORNE, MASS.—The Children's Progressive Spiritualist holds meetings every Sunday at 12 o'clock, in the Children's Hall, 121 North Third street. Dr. J. B. Bicker, regular speaker. Seats free. Dr. J. B. Bicker, Sup't.

LOWELL, MASS.—The Spiritual Progressive Spiritualist holds meetings every Sunday at 10 o'clock, in the Central Hall, 121 North Third street. Dr. J. B. Bicker, regular speaker. Seats free. Dr. J. B. Bicker, Sup't.

ROCKLAND, MASS.—The Children's Progressive Spiritualist holds meetings every Sunday at 12 o'clock, in the Children's Hall, 121 North Third street. Dr. J. B. Bicker, regular speaker. Seats free. Dr. J. B. Bicker, Sup't.

WEST GTON, MASS.—The Little Christian Spiritualist holds meetings every Sunday at 10 o'clock, in the Central Hall, 121 North Third street. Dr. J. B. Bicker, regular speaker. Seats free. Dr. J. B. Bicker, Sup't.

ATLANTA, GA.—The Spiritual Progressive Spiritualist holds meetings every Sunday at 10 o'clock, in the Central Hall, 121 North Third street. Dr. J. B. Bicker, regular speaker. Seats free. Dr. J. B. Bicker, Sup't.

BALTIMORE, MD.—The Little Christian Spiritualist holds meetings every Sunday at 10 o'clock, in the Central Hall, 121 North Third street. Dr. J. B. Bicker, regular speaker. Seats free. Dr. J. B. Bicker, Sup't.

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To Book-buyers.

At our new location, No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street, Boston, we have a fine Bookstore on the ground floor of the Building, where we keep on sale a large stock of Spiritual, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Works, to which we invite your attention.

Orders accompanied by cash will receive prompt attention. We are prepared to forward any of the publications of the Book Trade at usual rates. We respectfully decline all business operations looking to the sale of Books on commission, or when cash does not accompany the order. Send for a free Catalogue of our Publications.

By requesting from the BANNER OF LIGHT, care should be taken to distinguish between official articles and the communications received or otherwise of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of independent free thought; but we cannot undertake to endorse the varied shades of opinion to which our correspondents give utterance.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 11 1876.

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE,
No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province
street (Lower Floor).

ADENTS FOR THE BANNER IN NEW YORK:
THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 10 NASSAU ST.

CORRY & RICH,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.
ISAAC B. RICH, BUSINESS MANAGER.

Letters and communications pertaining to the Editorial Department of this paper should be addressed to CORRY & RICH, BANNER OF LIGHT, 9 MONTGOMERY PLACE, BOSTON, MASS.

The Banner of Light Public Free Circles.

There will be two Free Circles at this office next week, on which occasions Mrs. Jennie S. Ruhl, the well known unconscious trance medium, of Providence, R. I., will officiate. The first will take place on Tuesday afternoon, March 14th, and the second on Thursday afternoon, the 16th. We hope to be able to announce in our next issue that arrangements have been completed insuring the continuance of these Circles regularly twice a week hereafter.

Church and State.

The question raised by bigotry respecting a change in the Constitution, so that it shall convey a formal and political, and hence a legal recognition of the Constitution, forces itself at all points upon public attention. There is no escaping from the evils which are constantly making themselves visible under the imposition of such an amendment. The ministers in the churches, it seems, are not all agreed upon it, but the clearer-headed of them see at a glance what difficulties it will entangle them in, and how seriously it will compromise both the Church and the State. From time to time sensible articles make their appearance on this subject in what are styled the religious newspapers, which are of course none the worse for that association. They show that there is at least a chance for reflection in that particular department of the public mind; that the sober second thought is at work more or less actively; that what appears fair and promising at the first view will generally bear a more patient investigation, and is not to be accepted unadvisedly.

A distinguished Professor in the Ohio Wesleyan University has been giving his attention to this subject, and he writes in the Christian Advocate in a most sensible and convincing strain on the proposition to put God into the Constitution. It would be, as he sees and acknowledges, but a verbal recognition of God at most, while the spirit that actuates it is the full spirit of fanaticism. "If we put God in the Constitution," he asks, "what God shall it be? That of Jefferson, or of Franklin, or of Washington, or of Calvin, or of our new Cardinal? For they all have very different Gods. Put in the Christian God, and you at once virtually unitize all non-Christians. This Government would then be by and for Christians; all others would be only tolerated. The State has then already partially become a Church State; it is so far recommends Christianity, and hence in so far performs the functions of the Church." That is sound reasoning, and it is impossible to get away from its conclusions.

Professor Lacroix proceeds as follows with his argument: "We say, therefore, here take not the first step, for the others would be pretty sure to follow. We should then simply repeat the sad story of the past. Our State would be entangled with the Church—our Church would be polluted by the State, and in all this pure religion would be the chief sufferer. All history is on our side; Legislative enactments never helped religion. Legal requirements never promoted piety. The State, in undertaking to second the Church, only trammels it. Law-enforced Bible reading is perfunctory and barren. Centuries of experiment abundantly prove it. The Bible is not a secular arm; it is the arm of the Church and of the individual soul. Our American nation is organized upon this basis: let us not in our unwise zeal depart from it. Let us simply ask of the State to let the Church alone. If it proves to be unequal to its task, if it cannot Christianize the masses without backing from the State, then it is no longer the Church of Christ." The case could not be put more forcibly for the true interests of the Church.

What effort can be too great, in view of the opportunity that is visibly offered to turn the weapons of bigotry and fanaticism against those who are using them, for all persons of liberal faith to undertake on behalf of the truth which makes us free rather than slaves to priests and ecclesiastical systems. We some time since appealed to all such minds to rouse themselves to a just sense of the situation, and employing a common figure of speech, we called on all liberal persons to "beat to arms" in this cause of spiritual freedom. An attentive reader in Kansas manifests alarm at such a call, and devotes several pages of manuscript to deprecate a carnal war on a spiritual topic. It was not physical weapons to which we alluded, yet nothing is more plain than that, if this scheme of bigotry is allowed to proceed to a successful result, there will ensue a warfare that will be dyed deeply in the blood of contestants. Let us all work early and untidily, then, for the suppression of this fatal heresy where it is.

Read the article entitled "Dr. Carpenter on 'Prepossession,'" from the pen of Epes Sargent, Esq., which will be found on our eighth page.

The Spirit-Mold Phenomenon—Testimony of a Sculptor in Washington.

The popular interest in this surprising and convincing phase of the manifestation of spirit-power has received a strong impetus of late in Boston, through the highly successful efforts of Dr. H. F. Gardner in bringing before the people at intervals during the regular course of Sunday lectures, which for the past fall and winter he has conducted at Paine Hall, the well-known medium, Mrs. Mary M. Hardy.

Mrs. Hardy is entitled to the thanks of the friends of the cause for the self-devoting spirit which she has manifested under the severe trials which have been imposed upon her by skeptical minds in this city and vicinity. She has readily consented to the most exact test conditions, and borne with remarkable firmness the ice cold sensation of repression which the antagonistic magnetism of aroused opposition among individuals in a large audience is capable of throwing upon the shrinking form of the medial instrument; indeed, she had progressed so far as to be able to hold private sittings successfully, under the wire-box test so minutely described by us in a late issue, and hopes were entertained for the holding of a public circle with the same conditions in Paine Hall. Her recent severe sickness, however, prevented any attempt at the undertaking, and the crucial test séance—toward which so many in the community are looking forward with sentiments variously ranging from the level of common curiosity to the highest pitch of enthusiasm—is now necessarily postponed till she returns from fulfilling her engagement in New York.

Those minds in the community who have soiled themselves with various unique theories concerning the production of these paraffine gloves—such as "feet" doing what hands could not, "prepared casts" being secretly brought into the séance, etc.—will find evidence in the letter given below, from a talented sculptor in Washington, that the "feet" they talk about so glibly bears on its face to the eye of the trained artist the plain proof of its genuineness, he being obliged to acknowledge (although he is not a believer in Spiritualism) that there is no method known to his profession whereby these molds and their corresponding casts can be produced, with the delicate outlines, the well-preserved cuticle, etc., which they present at the séances of Mrs. Hardy.

To whom it may concern:

Washington, D. C., Jan. 30, 1876.
This is, on special request, to certify that I am a modeler and sculptor of twenty-five years' experience, several of which years I spent in Italy. In the study of the great masters of painting and sculpture; that I am at present a resident of Washington, having my studio at 335 Pennsylvania avenue, and that on the evening of Jan. 4th inst., I was asked by a friend to repair to the residence of a private citizen, 1016 I Street, N. W., Washington, to examine some gypsum casts of hands and give my judgment thereof; that I was there shown by a gentleman who was presented to me as Mr. John Hardy, of Boston, Mass., seven casts of many different sizes of hands, which I inspected under a strong light, and with the aid of a microscope; that I found each of these a wonderful production, correctly modeled according to anatomical laws, and wrought with such minutiae, as to the lineaments of the cuticle, etc., as I have never before seen in models of hands, or any part of the human body, except when the same are made by the actual application of gypsum or wax to the naked hand, or other part, in several separate pieces, which when united form a "piece-mold," in which the casts are taken; that these casts in question bore no evidence of having been made in "piece-molds," (or "wax molds," as called in my art,) but seemed to have been cast in solid molds. That among these casts was one which I was informed is reputed to be that of the right hand of the late Vice President, Henry Wilson, and made since his decease, and which appeared to me to be singularly like his hand in shape and size, I having viewed his hand a few hours after his death, when taking the only mask of his face which was made, and purposely to take a mold of the hand, which I was prevented from doing only by the anxiety of the awaiting surgeons to perform their post mortem examinations.

I willingly add, as requested, that the above-mentioned cast of Mr. Wilson's hand would, if made by our "modeling tools," do great honor, in my opinion, to the most accomplished artist who ever lived; that being specifically interrogated upon this point, I fearlessly give it as my judgment that not more than one in a hundred reputable sculptors could model such a hand, in all its details, and that it would be hazardous for that one to try; that there is no method known to my art by which these casts, in the condition in which they were presented to me, could be made except in piece-molds, as to general configuration, and then subjected to elaborate carving to hide the seams and other evidences of the manner of their production—a great work in itself, when I consider the microscopic inspection which the casts withstood; that the creation of one of these casts would (if possible to be effected by any one sculptor, without the aid of a most talented engraver) require several days' time; that I was shown on the same evening at the same place with the casts, two gloves or molds of hands, made of paraffine, in the like of which I was told the casts were taken; that I carefully inspected these paraffine molds and found that they were without seams in any part, and must have been made in some way whole, over some model, like a perfect human hand, for instance, which model might be dipped several times into some semi-liquid, adherent substance, like the paraffine, and then withdrawn leaving the glove entire; but such was the shape of the gloves and molds (as well as that of the casts,) with curved fingers, wrists some inches smaller than the size of the hand at the centre, or over the phalangeo-metacarpal joints, etc., that I deemed it impossible to withdraw the gloves whole, and of even thickness throughout, and was therefore left without any satisfactory theory of the method of their production.

I am also requested to state that I am not a Spiritualist, have never attended a séance, or conversed with a "medium," so-called, to my knowledge, and know nothing of the philosophy of "Modern Spiritualism," except what is generally imputed to it as regarding the immortality of the soul, and the possibility of the spirits of the dead returning to the former of which is a matter of faith with me, but of the latter of which I have no evidence sufficient to entitle me to an opinion thereon pro or contra.

JOHN O'BRIEN, Sculptor.

The American Spiritual Magazine.

Samuel Watson, publisher, Memphis, Tenn.; for March, shows a firm countenance, and speaks in tones which are easily to be understood. The Inner Life Department, a strong editorial defence of Mrs. Miller the materializing medium, and articles on spirit-photography, the double, etc., fill up the measure of its interesting pages.

The woman suffrage movement looks hopefully to the incoming State of Colorado for help. The constitutional convention has adopted a chapter in the elective franchise, which requires the first State Legislature to provide by law for the submission of the woman suffrage question to the people. It would be a signal triumph for the cause, if the Centennial State should open the ballot-box to woman.

Condemnation of Leymarie.

THE PERSECUTION OF SPIRITUALISTS IN PARIS.

To Mr. Harrison, [of The London Spiritualist:] Sir—The High Court decided, last Monday, that I am a great criminal by confirming the sentence of the two former tribunals.

I am, therefore, about to face a terrible trial, and to revisit the sad walls of Mazas. But I look forward to it with a brave heart, knowing that truth has need of sacrifices, even in the person of her humblest votaries. I shall remain there almost cheerfully, in spite of the cruel wickedness of these modern bandits, since the Spiritualists have grasped hands with the Spiritualists in true brotherly union, a very significant fact in these troubled times.

We are now awaiting your lists of signature, pleading in terms of wise discretion for liberty for the prisoner.

Please convey my thanks to all who have taken part in the good cause in Great Britain. This step will bring it its own reward.

Your devoted and grateful friend,

P. G. LEYMARIE.

Paris, Feb. 11th, 1876.

The above earnest words from the unfortunate but undaunted editor of the *Revue Spirite* tell a sad story of legalized oppression, and bring the American reader face to face with a demonstration of that deadly animus with which sectarian bigotry has inflamed alike the social state, the political systems and the judicial tribunals of the Old World: They do more—in that they furnish an index of what the same spirit of insane hatred toward reform and reformers would labor to accomplish, had it the power, in our own land.

We have endeavored to place the slips referred to in the letter above given, before as many of the Spiritualists of America as was possible in the time we have had to work in, and in this effort we have been ably seconded by many friends in various parts of the country, who have taken upon themselves the onerous work of canvassers in their immediate neighborhoods; and as a result we have been enabled to despatch during the past week a petition bearing nearly three thousand signatures, wherein President MacMahon is earnestly requested to grant a pardon to M. Leymarie, this gentleman being the victim of a conspiracy the chief characters in which showed some of the darkest points of human nature. May kind angels of power accompany this effort of American lovers of free thought, and crown it with success.

The Twenty-Eighth Anniversary

Of the advent of Modern Spiritualism will be appropriately celebrated by the Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity, joined by representative delegations from various parts of Massachusetts, at Paine Hall, on Friday, March 31st, the services to be carried out under the auspices of the Children's Progressive Lyceum of this city.

In the morning, exercises will be held in the lower hall under the direction of Dr. A. H. Richardson. At 2 p. m. the lower hall will be under the supervision of Mr. George A. Bacon, where speaking will take place. At the meeting in the evening, Dr. H. B. Storer will preside. In addition to the above, it is proposed to have a Children's Festival in the upper hall at 2 p. m., consisting of the usual Lyceum exercises, at the conclusion of which the children will partake of a collation at Banquet Hall. The upper hall during the evening will be occupied by those wishing to join in dancing. The First Regiment Brass Band will furnish music during the day and evening.

The following organizations will be the guests of the Boston Lyceum, and will take part in the exercises: Salem Lyceum, John Handel, Conductor; Harwich Port Lyceum, G. D. Smalley, Conductor; Plymouth Lyceum, I. Carver, Conductor; Rockland Lyceum, F. J. Gurney, Conductor.

In order to meet the pecuniary outlay necessary in carrying forward this movement to a successful conclusion, the committee of arrangements (of which body J. B. Hatch, Conductor Boston Lyceum, is chairman, and W. H. Durell, treasurer) have prepared the following scale of prices: Tickets admitting the holder during the day and evening to services Lower Hall, forty cents. Single admission, fifteen cents. Tickets for dancing, admitting lady and gentleman, seventy-five cents. Additional ladies, twenty-five cents.

James M. Peebles and his New Tour.

This talented writer and lecturer has finished his engagement at New Orleans, and ere this has probably commenced his Central American journey. We have made special arrangements with him to furnish for the Banner of Light a series of articles describing his visit to Mexico, Yucatan, etc., much after the fashion of his Letters of Travel, written for and published by us while he was voyaging round the world. His first letter, which will appear soon, will bear date at Vera Cruz, Mexico.

We have a fine article from his pen on "Hints about Books, Authors and Travels," which we hope to present to our readers next week.

On the evening of Sunday, Feb. 27th, on the occasion of the termination of his two months' season of work in New Orleans, the Spiritual Association of that place passed the following preamble and resolutions, as indicative of their friendly regard and appreciation:

Resolved, That we tender to Bro. Peebles our love and sympathy in his pilgrimage among the "heathen" of our own and foreign lands; and assure him that wherever his lot may be cast our prayers shall ever be for the infinite Father and his guardian angels may watch over and protect him, and that his pathway may be strewn with flowers, and if to our earnest hope and desire that we may in the near future, as in his several former visits to our city, listen to his voice proclaiming the glad tidings of spirit world and communion with departed friends.

Resolved, That a copy of this preamble and resolutions be furnished to Bro. Peebles, and to the spiritual papers and magazines, with the request to publish.

JAS. H. YOUNG,
Secretary N. O. A. of S., 233 Osgood street.

Adolf Grünherz, M. D., executive officer of the Association of Spirit Investigators at Budapest, Hungary, writes us recently as follows: "I have the honor to inform you that our Association, whose Honorary President is the Baron Odob von Vay, has elected Messrs. Luther Colby and Isaac B. Rich, Honorary Members." Thanks, brothers, for your kindly recognition.

The English lists of signatures to the French Memorial in favor of Leymarie's innocence, numbering over eight hundred names, forming a long scroll attached to the petition, were given into the charge of Mr. J. H. Gledstanes, and by him were transported to Paris Feb. 21st.

Helping the Poor.

When work is denied to so many persons, the most of whom have families depending on them, it cannot escape every one's reflection that unless they are helped they must suffer and die. Hence the most efficacious mode of rendering assistance is well worth knowing. On this point we may take a timely hint from abroad. A plan that has worked in a certain part of Germany, in a town named Elberfeld, near Cologne, has been described as a good one for adoption by ourselves, when such a multitude of needy ones are continually applying for aid. This experiment in Elberfeld was undertaken some twenty years ago, and it has proved wonderfully successful. The original purpose of it was not to get rid of begging alms, but to inaugurate the healthful method of respecting self-help. This is the whole scheme:

The city was divided and subdivided under voluntary overseers, having a corps of visitors who were allowed to visit not more than four families, and sometimes only two. The visits were paid once every fortnight. With the same regularity—once in two weeks—the visitors themselves met to discuss their cases and plan relief. Inquiries were searchingly made into every case relieved, to discover if all such were doing what they could to help themselves, and if relatives who were able to assist were likewise doing all that they could. It was not so much to relieve want as to prevent poverty, by encouragement and practical advice, that the work was pursued. In short, the more capable classes of people came in direct contact with the poor ones, closely supervising them, and preventing them from lapsing into a condition of discouragement and misery. In a population of a little over fifty thousand, over four thousand persons were relieved in this way in 1873. In 1875, with a population of seventy-eight thousand, there was no necessity for relief for one thousand paupers, showing how the plan had reduced pauperism and its attendant suffering.

In connection with the Provident Association, of this city, a plan of out-door and visiting relief has been started on the basis of the successful one of Elberfeld. The idea is to organize a company, or corps, of "cooperative visitors." There are hundreds of them required for the work in contemplation, because not more than four families may be given to each visitor, while the applications are apparently without number. No donations are to be made to families in want, until the visitors' reports are first rendered to the relief committee. All persons who may feel disposed to assist in the cause of genuine charity and permanent relief are requested to leave their names and address with Miss Nesbitt, of the Provident Association, or at No. 148 Charles street, Boston. The plan will be found to possess features which will peculiarly commend it to general favor.

Attacks on Spiritualism.

Most of the assaults on spiritual science have been conspicuously marked by feebleness, bigotry and ignorance, while few have been free from the element of malicious calumny. The advertisement of D. D. Home in a late Banner indicates clearly that we may expect from him another of those assaults with poisoned arrows, of which an honorable champion would say, "This is not war; it is assassination."

Mr. Home is identified with the Catholic church and the old world aristocracy; it is evident therefore that he has no sympathy with free progressive truth seeking Spiritualism; and the style of private gossip in which he indulges concerning eminent Spiritualists is a sufficient premonition of the unwholesome character of his promised work, in which he is expected to gather the filthy records of real or pretended imposture, and all the exceptional instances in which insanity has appeared among those interested in Spiritualism.

How easy would it be by such a style of attack to foster the vilest sectarian malignity, to besmirch the purest reputation or to excite odium against any class. How well do such publications pander to the depraved taste of those who have no sympathy with the good and true. Really the obscene literature against which legislation has been directed is not one-tenth part as demoralizing in its influence. Catholic bigotry has found in Mr. Home a most fitting instrument for its satanic purposes.

A true psychology shows that Spiritualism is one of the best and most potent hygienic influences in resisting insanity, as the gloomy old theology was one of its most malign sources. Mr. Home may gather sensational cases of insanity, in apparent connection with Spiritualism, to answer his purpose, but any fair and honest collection of statistics would make a triumphant proof of the wholesome influence of Spiritualism on the mental condition of our race. If our English friends, Dr. Sexton, Dr. Wilkinson or Dr. Hitchman, would give us a resumé of all of the attainable statistics on this subject, they would render a valuable service which is much needed at present.

J. R. B.

"Does Matter do it All?"

E. C. Leonard, writing us from Binghamton, N. Y., under a recent date, orders a number of copies of this telling pamphlet from the pen of Epes Sargent, Esq., in reply to Prof. Tyndall's attack on Spiritualism, and says:

"We are holding spiritual conference meetings every Sabbath here, and have continued the practice for the past two years. We have profited much by so doing, and would recommend this course to be instituted in every village and hamlet where a half-dozen Spiritualists reside."

I do wish every Spiritualist in the land would send for copies of this grand work by Epes Sargent, and circulate them among the Orthodox people and even the clergy. I am sure they would, by reading this pamphlet, understand the spiritual cause better, and it would tend to open their eyes to the verity of spiritual things."

Symbolic Drawings.

We have on free exhibition in the Reception Room of the Banner of Light, a large portfolio of Crayon Drawings, of various sizes, symbolizing spiritual growth and progress, executed under direct spirit control through the mediumship of a highly respectable lady (M. F. T.) residing in Bangor, Me. During the process of the work, the lady had no control whatever over her arm or hand in holding or guiding the pencil. All the pictures are artistic, and some truly beautiful. Those who are interested in the symbolic mode of expressing ideas will find pleasure in examining the collection.

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. James Blodgett assembled at their residence, 92 Gore street, East Cambridge, Mass., on the evening of Saturday, March 4th, to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the birthday of Mr. B. A pleasant meeting was the result.

Interesting Letter from Dr. Pence.

Mrs. Stewart and her Associates—Attempts at Deception—Fraud Breeds Fraud—Laws of Materialization—Strange Peculiarities—Genuineness of the Manifestations—Anecdotes—The Ruling Passion Still Strong—A Remarkable Séance.

TERRE HAUTE, March 1st, 1876.

In the Banner of a recent date you quote from the statement of G. B. W. a passage in which he relates that, at one of Mrs. Stewart's séances, what purported to be the materialized spirit of his wife (she being still in the physical form, but he having pretended she was dead,) came forth and embraced him as her husband. All that I can testify to as happening on the occasion referred to is this: An apparition advanced to this man (Wilson), threw her arms around his neck, and kissed him. He seemed to be much affected thereat, but whether he addressed the form as his wife, or whether she recognized him as her husband, I cannot say.

After hearing his version of the case, we asked Minnie, the controlling spirit, if such deception could be practiced on the band; to which she replied that they were liable to be imposed upon. Subsequently the spirit Belle, while in the rostrum, in a materialized form, explained further that they were continually besieged by spirits anxious to write and to materialize; that some of these were deceptive spirits, and that the presence of a dishonest person in the circle favored their deceptions, and they were sometimes thus enabled to secure, by false representations, the privilege of manifesting themselves.

Our long and intimate acquaintance with Minnie, Belle, and the other members of the band, has led us to place great confidence in their statements; and our own experience confirms the belief that spirits, particularly those on the lower plane of development, are liable both to deceive and to be deceived. In the case of Wilson it has been suggested that if the spirit who thus caressed him was not his wife, there was some relation between them not yet explained. He now pretends that his emotion at the meeting was feigned; if so, he must be an adept in duplicity, for he shed tears, and appeared to be under an excitement he could not control. During the séance other spirits came whom he openly claimed as friends and relatives, and they in return admitted the recognition. On seeing Belle and the medium standing on the rostrum, side by side, in plain view of all, he voluntarily acknowledged that he was convinced there was no humbug in the case. Could he have been shamming all this while? If so, what are his representations worth? And if it be a law that like attracts like, is it surprising that he should have drawn to himself spirits who were willing to meet him half way in deception?

One word as to some of the strange peculiarities in these materialization phenomena. An apparition of a female; we will suppose, is seen at the cabinet door. Some man in the circle asks, "Is that for me?" Without answering, and with a wild, confused look, the apparition scrutinizes the questioner. Then, from another direction, her name is called. Quickly turning, she recognizes her husband, who now, with extended arms, persistently and affectionately invites her to approach. Instantly her hitherto wild look gives place to a smile. She struggles against the magnetic forces that hold her back; her form sways to and fro, but at last, overcoming the power that seems to keep her in suspense, she rushes to greet the beloved object of her recognition; her arms are thrown hastily around his neck; and then, with a hurried kiss on his brow and a farewell shake of his hand, she returns to the cabinet and is seen no more. But one strange omission remains to be told: A son is sitting by the father's side, but the spirit mother does not notice him. How can this be explained? "Even thus," say the spirit band: "The spirit usually, on assuming for the first time a materialized form, is wholly unable to realize its actual condition; it is confused and bewildered. On hearing its name pronounced, it is, as it were, partially restored to consciousness; it directs its attention to the one object it recognizes; it sees the presence of that one, but is lost to all else."

Yet there are exceptional cases. For example, the other evening the apparition of an elderly Quakeress appeared. A lady called out, "Grandma!" giving the surname. The apparition started to greet the granddaughter, but, seeing some orange peel on the carpet, stopped and removed it. This done, she renewed her effort to reach her granddaughter. They met, greetings were interchanged, and the spirit returned to the cabinet. Minnie explained that the old lady felt vexed at herself for her foolish act in noticing the orange peel; "but," added Minnie, "she did not at the moment realize but that she was back in her own parlor as of yore." The granddaughter remarked that the incident was a good test of her grandmother's identity; for it was quite characteristic of her. It was indeed the ruling passion (of neatness) strong even in the novel state of materialization.

After materializing repeatedly the spirit seems to become more thoroughly individualized and more conscious of its relations to surrounding objects. Our séance last evening, (Feb. 29th,) was held in the large hall, and a new cabinet was used. The spirit Belle made her appearance, and Captain Hook invited her to take a walk through the hall. Thereupon she stepped six or eight feet from the cabinet, and then came to a halt. After some three or four minutes, during which she kept her eyes constantly on the medium, (who could be seen in her seat, as the cabinet doors were open,) Belle passed on, quitted the rostrum, and, locking arms with the Captain, strolled off through the hall. Returning, she accepted an invitation to promenade with a lady friend, and side by side they walked along, conversing as naturally as two mortals could have done; in fact the one was to all external appearance, as much flesh and blood as the other. And all the while there sat the medium in the cabinet!

The further the spirit-form goes from the medium the more the magnetic forces holding it seem to be weakened. In the promenade described, the parties must have gone at least sixty feet from the medium. The fact is interesting as showing what can be accomplished under good conditions, and after the spirit has got accustomed to the process of materialization.

Respectfully, ALLEN PENCE.

We have read the above letter, and can corroborate fully the facts stated.

JAMES HOOK,
SAMUEL CONNER.

Dr. H. B. Storer's medicines are becoming more popular every year. He is receiving orders from all parts of the country. Special information will be given by letter to invalids ordering the Doctor's excellent medicines. His blood-purifier is a capital article. The spring is the time to take it.

Message Department.

MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF

MRS. SARAH A. DANKSIN.

(Without colored Washington A. Danksin, of Baltimore.)

During the last twenty years hundreds of spirits have conversed with their friends on earth through the mediumship of Mrs. Danksin, while she was in the entranced condition, totally unconscious.

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earthly life to that beyond, whether for good or evil; consequently those who pass from the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress to a higher condition.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

Introductory.

(Part Thirtieth.)

BY SARAH A. DANKSIN.

The young lady to whom I referred in my last "Introductory," Rosalie, the wife of Lieutenant Wash. A. Danksin, Jr., was, as I there said, a rigid adherent of the Roman Catholic Church. Her mind had been so filled with the idea of the absolute authority, divinity, and infallibility of that church that she did not deem any other religious system worthy of investigation. This was not, of course, the result of reason or comparison; it was the effect of inherited conditions and educational impressions. With such views as these she became an inmate of our home. She was nursed with tenderness and affection, and to avoid disturbing or annoying her, we made no attempt to inculcate the teachings of Spiritualism. After observing the pleasant influences which permeated the household, Rose began to question me. I told her that having but a short time to remain on earth, she had better not let her mind become unsettled in regard to her religious faith; that she had been content, heretofore, with the teachings of the church, and she had better rest where she was, in her then feeble condition, than to allow her mind to be set adrift in a sea of doubts and perplexities. This answer did not satisfy a mind like hers. We had many visitors, and in order that she might be cheerful and spend her evenings pleasantly in a lounge was placed in our sitting room, and reclining thereon she would listen to our conversation. She heard the communications which spirits gave through Mrs. Danksin or others, and she witnessed the manifestations which occurred in some form or other at nearly all of our social gatherings; her interest was aroused, and she became eager for knowledge of that home which she was fast approaching. In response to her earnest questioning, I unfolded, day by day, as opportunity offered, that Divine Philosophy which the angels of our new dispensation had presented to myself; and it became the delight of my life to see a mind that had been so fettered and trammelled by educational prejudices, at length assert its freedom.

Previous to this new birth—for it was a new birth to her, and to me a most beautiful illustration of Christ's saying, "Unless a man be born again he cannot enter the kingdom of heaven"—I had no conception of the power of her intellect, but now I found there was no limit to her aspirations. Instead of being the submissive slave of priestly domination, she now asserted her divine birthright, and reached out as far as her intellect could go in search for that knowledge which had been heretofore denied her. In our next "Introductory" we will continue the narrative of her case.

John May, of New York.

The sunlight under which I stand is very invigorating. I give no harsh word to death, for it has made me companionable for those who have gone before. Here I am master of myself, but where I was I had no control. My name was John May; I was the only son of the late John May; I died in California; my body was brought on and buried from the residence of my parent, Thirty-seventh street, New York. I was forty years old, partially ripe in years, though not ripe in knowledge and understanding. The idea of the immutability of God's laws never once flitted across my brain, until I stood an individualized spirit and was compelled to accept light or pass into darkness. I preferred the light, asking the Infinite Source of life and being to warm me by his sunshine, and so he did.

I am growing now, oh, friends of earth, and those who loved me—I am growing to understand my whereabouts. The ground upon which I stand is strong, and I feel a confidence swelling within me. I feel that he who gave me life will protect me. All the sins of my lower life have been in a measure wiped away; and to thee, oh, Judge of judges and King of kings, give I praise for the work thou hast done with me. The body lies in the ground, paying back its debt to Mother Nature; but the spirit has gone to that home where it must forever learn more and more of Deity. Farewell, and thanks to you, Mr. Chairman. I am a stranger to myself, and a stranger to all others here, but I was told to bear a communication to earth, whereby an enhancement of pleasure might be mine.

Have you it correctly written? for it will stand well to be recognized; my individuality I have tried to imprint upon every word I have spoken. My kindred—those who laid me in the cold and silent ground—deem not that I have power to speak to them; but I have learned what a blessed boon it is to do so. In the physical, and rise triumphant in the spiritual.

Leonard Carpenter, Poughkeepsie, New York.

Hark! the sound of tolling bells, chiming out the doleful tale of one who has passed under the law of death!

Leonard Carpenter was my name; I had reached the ripe age of seventy-six. Poughkeepsie, New York, was my residence. I read and pondered oftentimes over this mystery called death, but I could not fathom it until I was called upon to accept it. In its fullness have I become triumphant over that monster which men have been taught to dread.

Why should the human mourn and cry and bewail when one is summoned to that grand tribunal which gives to either he or she life with its perpetual beauties and grandeur? I feel grateful to the Master of Universes for having called me to drink from these waters that give life everlasting. To you and to all, whether friends or foes, I say, Rejoice, for Leonard Carpenter has put off age and has tasted of life, of youth, and of wisdom.

Farewell! May God and the white-robed angels ever be your instructors in days to come as in days gone by. I have spoken the sentiments of my heart quickened by the inflow of my intellect.

Now I go, for I feel stealing over me the duller sensations of earth and earthly things. I go, for I would not be fettered again in the chains that are forged by human minds. I go, for it is my Father's will that I should go. Good by.

Ava Lord, New York.

"I was cold, bleak December when the chilling hand of death was laid upon my poor, frail form. The vital forces sank lower and lower. I taught the weeping and wailing of those who stood around, but I had not power to speak, for while the mortals held me the angels beckoned to me.

Ava Lord was my name. I was the beloved wife of Frank A. Kirtland. "I was in Forty-second street, New York, that I died. Daniel Lord was my father. My residence was formerly in Maine, and when the angels took the spirit and robed it in its garments of white for the eternal life, my earthly friends bore the body home, and there gave it its final resting-place. My age was thirty-two years.

Oh, husband, oh father, oh kindred, what is mortal life compared to immortal life? Words in your language are inadequate to the comparison. Hearken what the angels said: "Drink, sister, drink from the crystal fountain; it will give you life everlasting." I heeded them, and now I stand an angel bright and pure, with power to speak to those whom I've left behind.

Husband, father, when you think of me, think not of death, but of life. Believe in the power of me who have left earth to speak to you through the lips of another; believe, for it is founded upon facts that shall stand when the rock of ages has melted away.

To the stranger through whom I have spoken, I give thanks for the privilege of making known that death is not my portion; and to thee, lady fair, (spirit) that has taught me the lesson how to speak, I give thanks.

Margaret George Moulthrop, Rockford, Ill.

My name was Margaret George, wife of Levi Moulthrop. I was the mother of L. Moulthrop, the well-known dry goods merchant of Rockford, Ill. I was the daughter of Samson George, Esq., of Richmond, Yorkshire, England.

To die is sweet when we know and feel that life can never be extinguished; for he that guards the tiny flower has taken woman under his care, and bid the grave to open and let the spirit be free to roam where'er it will.

Oh how grand and how sublime is the thought that we meet our loved ones beyond the river; to know and to feel that separation never more can come, for God hath made it so! To me it was new, and in its newness it brought this grand sublimity. I eagerly took in the thought, I feel it in the heart, and now the lips have spoken it. There are no dead in this grand home of beauty. All are busy as the bee when gathering in its honey; not for themselves alone do they labor, but that they may bring the manna down and distribute it among the people of earth.

Now I go, for the shades of night come over me while I stay in this material atmosphere; but soon again will I enter the bright sunlight of eternity.

Father and Mother God, to thee I give praise for this unfolding of intellectuality, that hath not faded, but been quickened under the process of physical death.

John Forster, England.

What is this vital spark? It is life, it is not death that has come to me, for from my boyhood up I was ever told that death was a monster; but oh how pleasantly disappointed have I been! For when in old age my eyes were closed in death, they opened upon the green fields of Eden, and the first hand I clasped was that of my old friend Dickens. God bless you, Dickens! Memory comes up and revives all the pleasant past times we had, together. Are we united companions now? Are we here, never more to part? To be, to know, and to be known?

[To the Chairman:] You know who speaks—John Forster. It was at an advanced age I died, speaking after the manner of men. In England, in the earlier portion of my life, I studied law. I was successful. I accumulated wealth. I afterwards edited some of the heavy journals, and the vigor of my mind was never impaired, either by age or death. I am well pleased to say there was one characteristic with me which held good to the end: I always knew how to appreciate power in others. Literature was always a pleasant and agreeable study, consequently I devoted the greater portion of my life thereto, and storing my mind with its wealth added much to my spirituality.

My name will necessarily be coupled and memorialized with that of Dickens, for he and I were old friends, and now I have gone home to meet him. To be or not to be, is no longer a question.

Charlotte Muller.

Is it my privilege to act according to the tenor of my own feelings? Rich indeed, oh Father of Mercies, is the gift of wisdom thou hast bestowed on one so young in years. Unto thee I give thanks, not with my spirit-lips alone, but with the overflowing of my heart.

My name was Charlotte Muller; I was nineteen years of age; the youngest daughter of William Muller. Death came and claimed me for his own; but to thee, oh Death, I give no blame, for I, like the many, have only passed through the valley where no darkness was, for all was light and beauty. I have only left you for a season. Time, with his swiftly-flying wings, will soon bring the hour when I love so tenderly will follow in my footsteps. Here I stand in the beautiful garden, surrounded with flowers; the aroma from each and all flowing into my being, fills me with a more spiritual life, and tells the joyous story. There is no death in the eternal kingdom. All is happiness, all is joyousness of heart. The little children are gleeful; the birds carol sweetly; music soundeth the words of angels and bids us all rejoice.

Now, father, if your eyes scan these pages and read what your spirit-daughter has spoken through the lips of a stranger, you will shed no more tears, and your heart will throb no more with sorrow.

It was in New York that I died.

George Denison, Washington, D. C.

Ever thus. From my childhood's hour have I watched my fondest hopes decay. George Denison was my name. Very quickly and actively did death claim me, and when I grew to realize my position, I felt as if the Infinite One had dealt wrongly with me. Finding I had no control over immutable laws I grew content, awaiting the opportunity to make known to those I left behind, that in death I had found partial

happiness. It occurred in that city of active life, Washington. My residence was on Eleventh street. I shall not particularize those who were in kindred with me. If they read they will understand that I still retain my individuality. I thank you for writing out what I know I have given very imperfectly; however, I have the broad eternity to work and roam in, and shall become a scholar. Again, I thank you. You have given partial happiness to George Denison.

Foreign Correspondence.

Specially written for the Banner of Light.
ENGLISH LETTERS.—No. 2.

BY J. J. MORSE.

The old is gone, the new has come. I wish yourself, Mr. Editor, and your readers, as much happiness during this year as it is possible they can attain to. Eighteen hundred and seventy-six will be a red letter day throughout your broad continent, marking an important era in your history. Long may the Great Republic stand, and may her principles of liberty ever be an example to the world. And also, let me hope, may England and America grow closer in the bonds of brotherhood as the years go by.

Since I last wrote you, Christmas with its festivities has come and gone. Socially it had its usual characteristics, but spiritually it was unmarked by any event in London worth recording. In the provinces, Oldham, a town in Lancashire, celebrated the festive season with a goodly gathering of local Spiritualists, who held a series of meetings at which Mr. James Burns was the principal speaker. Mr. Burns takes with him a magic lantern, and by its aid throws upon the screen some excellent fac-similes of spirit-photographs—those that have been recognized as veritable likenesses of departed friends only being used. He did so on the occasion above alluded to, much to the pleasure of his auditors. Some of the local societies, in other localities, held Christmas tea-parties, but the Oldham meeting is the only one that calls for special notice.

With the coming of the New Year was ushered in some important changes connected with our two newspapers, the Medium and Daybreak reducing its price from three cents to two cents, but making no reduction in the number or size of its pages. In the last number of the old year its editor, James Burns, gave an abstract history of the rise and progress of our little friend. It stated that in the month of June, 1868, there appeared a little sixteen-page monthly under the title "Daybreak," edited by, and the property of, John Page Hopps, a Unitarian minister of no little fame—he is the editor of the (English) Truthseeker. This little effort runs its course for ten months and then it is sold out. Mr. Burns being the purchaser. It was then changed in arrangement and size of pages, being eight quarto pages instead of sixteen small ones. It appeared in its amended form for thirteen months, being still issued monthly. At this time, April, 1870, it was resolved to again change its form, give it a new chief title, abandon a monthly issue, and establish a weekly one. Exit, Daybreak; enter "The Medium and Daybreak," Friday, April 8th, 1870, being the date of the first appearance of the new paper. It was at first but eight pages, the same size as at present; in 1873 it was enlarged to twelve pages; and at the close of that year it was enlarged to sixteen pages and the price raised from two cents to three cents, which arrangement of price was abandoned with the concluding issue of the past year. Mr. Burns claims he is guided by the spirit-world in what concerns his paper, his faith is unbounded, and as the lowering of price, he estimates, will make a loss of about twelve hundred dollars, I trust he may receive all the aid he requires.

We had, though, I must not omit to mention, what is called Institution Week, the object of which is to raise funds to aid Mr. Burns in the work of disseminating Spiritualism, and support the Progressive Library and Spiritual Institution. At the various meetings, in different parts of England, collections were taken and remitted to Mr. Burns, and also subscriptions were sent direct, and a net result of between four and five hundred dollars was the consequence.

One other newspaper, "The Spiritualist," edited by W. H. Harrison, has, like its contemporary, had rather an eventful history. It first appeared in the November of 1869, as a fortnightly journal, and the leading article of its first issue stated distinctly "it would appear weekly as soon as such course was considered reasonable." It, however, lapsed into a monthly issue, this commencing in February, 1870; afterwards it appeared fortnightly, and then a brief period elapsed and it was issued weekly, and has so continued to be published up to the present time. Thus giving us two weekly papers, which is a decided advantage to all parties. The first number of the new year came out greatly enlarged and improved; and now in point of typographical excellence and literary ability is equal to the requirements of the most exacting. Its pages are the same in number but increased in size, and its price, 4 cents, remains the same. It is a paper specially adapted to the demands of advanced and educated minds. Both of our journals cover their appropriate fields of action, and that they may both meet with that fair share of support which their respective merits entitle them to—alike at home and abroad—is my heartiest wish.

Our latest novelties in the matter of mediumship are the casts of spirit hands and feet, through the mediumship of Lottie Fowler; and judging from the reports in the Medium and Daybreak, I should conclude them to be very interesting experiments. This medium has met with quite a remarkable success during her sojourn in England. Her mediumship has been sought after by some of our first people, lords and ladies; and on the continent of Europe by dukes and princes. Miss Fowler informed me recently that she intends making a trip, and a short stay, with her parents at her own home, on your side of the Atlantic. Our other novelty is a Mrs. Kimball, highly recommended to us by that estimable gentleman William Fishbough. The reports given of her in the Medium and Daybreak are quite flattering. I understand Mrs. Kimball will visit various points of interest northward.

The British National Association of Spiritualists still keeps on the even tenor of its way, gaining new members, and thereby growing stronger every month.

There has lately been issued a most remarkable book, under the title of "Hafed, Prince of Persia; His Experiences in Earth-Life and Spirit-Life." It is a most wonderful book, and has created a genuine sensation. It is illustrated by pictures (copies) of drawings given by direct action of the spirits, specially for the work; the

letter-press being communicated at the same time through David Duguid, the Glasgow (Scotland) painting medium. Mr. S. C. Hall, editor of the English Art Journal, speaks most highly of it, as do all who have read it.

It has just been my good fortune to start out upon a lecturing tour through our principal northern towns. I have had occasion to visit Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Liverpool, Darlington, and Saltburn, so far. In Wolverhampton my host organized the meetings, and bore the expense entirely alone; a sample of a Spiritualist one could wish to see often. This same gentleman has also presented to the "Free Library" of his town upwards of one hundred volumes of valuable spiritualistic works, including complete sets of the works of A. J. Davis.

Spiritualism in Liverpool is going on in its usual steady manner, the society having elected all new officials for the present year. But hard times and a lack of funds is the cry often raised. Darlington, the scene of much of sister Tappan's labors, does not evidence much external activity just now. The Spiritualists rent a small hall and do their best. I have just had a series of most successful meetings there, and, altogether, if Spiritualism is not exactly setting England on fire just now, it is working away quietly and satisfactorily. I must admit, though, I rather expected to see more advancement after an absence of twelve months, than I have yet come across. Still it is not for us mortals, to grumble. Without doubt the angel-world understands what it is about, and I, at least, am willing to labor with and for it, in the full trust that it will claim its own in due time. Let us then each do our best; cultivate our trust and purest thought, thus attracting the influence of the true and good in the life beyond; living our own life in our own way, unjustly blaming none, nor unduly exalting any; trusting God and his angels and the truth in our own souls. For this let us live, and our end will be peace.

Warwick Cottage, Old Ford Road,
Bore, E., London, England.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE SAINTED DEAD.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

The dead are like the stars apart from noise, And all the weary round of this our care; Their golden lights are fixed in lucid air, Where undisturbed they have serenest joys. Their world like ours may have its stern employ, Yet still methinks 'tis free from jar and fret, In all the calm of holy manhood set, Engirt with truth, and not with earth's alloys. Oh, life is dear and sweet, I love it well, But life that is to be I love the more; With all my soul I long with them to dwell, And tread with noiseless step their sainted shore; I fain would own that fair, immortal spell, And be in golden calm forevermore!

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